MAIN LIBRARY
CIRCULATING
1ST. FLOOR
MAR 26 '25

Your children's appreciation of music

They have books to read, pictures to see — *what music do they hear?*

GREAT pictures, great books, great music—these three can guide your children to a lifelong love for the best in art.

Just as the invention of printing has brought your children faithful reproductions of famous pictures and volumes of immortal literature, so now does another great invention bring them the musical treasures of the world.

That invention is the Ampico—a miraculous device that makes the piano in your living-room sing under the touch of the world's greatest musicians.

Day after day, your children may hear Levitzki, Ornstein, Rachmaninoff. Great symphonies will become to them wonders as familiar as sunsets and spring. They will know Strauss; Wagner will become their friend.

You and your children—together

In the hour after dinner, on winter evenings and in summer twilights, you and your children can listen to beautiful music—together.

Like as not, you will discover that music begins to take on a new meaning for you. Led by the children's simple, unaffected response to the music's mood, you may come to be moved more deeply than you thought possible.

Only with these fine pianos

The Ampico may be had only in the following pianos, instruments that have been known for generations for pre-eminent quality: the Mason & Hamlin, the Knabe, the Chickering, the Marshall & Wendell, the Fischer, the Haines Bros., the Franklin, and in Canada the Willis also. Note that the Mason & Hamlin, the Knabe, and the Chickering—three of the four great pianos in general use on the American concert stage—have now adopted the Ampico.

Exchange your present piano for an Ampico

The Ampico is within your reach. The silent or player piano which you now own will entitle you to an allowance on the purchase price. This fact and convenient terms of payment make owning an Ampico an ambition that you may gratify without postponement. Foot-power models, $795. Electric power models, $985 to $5000. With freight added. Uprights and grands.

You can have no adequate idea of this latest miracle—until you have heard the Ampico. Hear it today! Hear it at any store where any of the pianos mentioned are sold. If you are not near such a store, write us to send you a booklet descriptive of the Ampico and its music.

Music from the Ampico Library

	Played by
Nocturne—*Chopin*	BRAILOWSKY
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 8—*Liszt*	LEGINSKA
Staccato Etude—*Rubinstein*	LEVITZKI
On the Wings of Song—*Mendelssohn-Liszt*	LHÉVINNE
Spinning Song—*Mendelssohn*	RACHMANINOFF
Papillons—*Rosenthal*	ROSENTHAL
Fantasie Impromptu—*Chopin*	SCHNITZER
Largo—*Handel*	SUSKIND
Minute Waltz—*Chopin*	BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER

Popular recordings just out

Peter Pan—*King-Henderson*	VINCENT LOPEZ
My Best Girl—*Donaldson*	J. MILTON DELCAMP

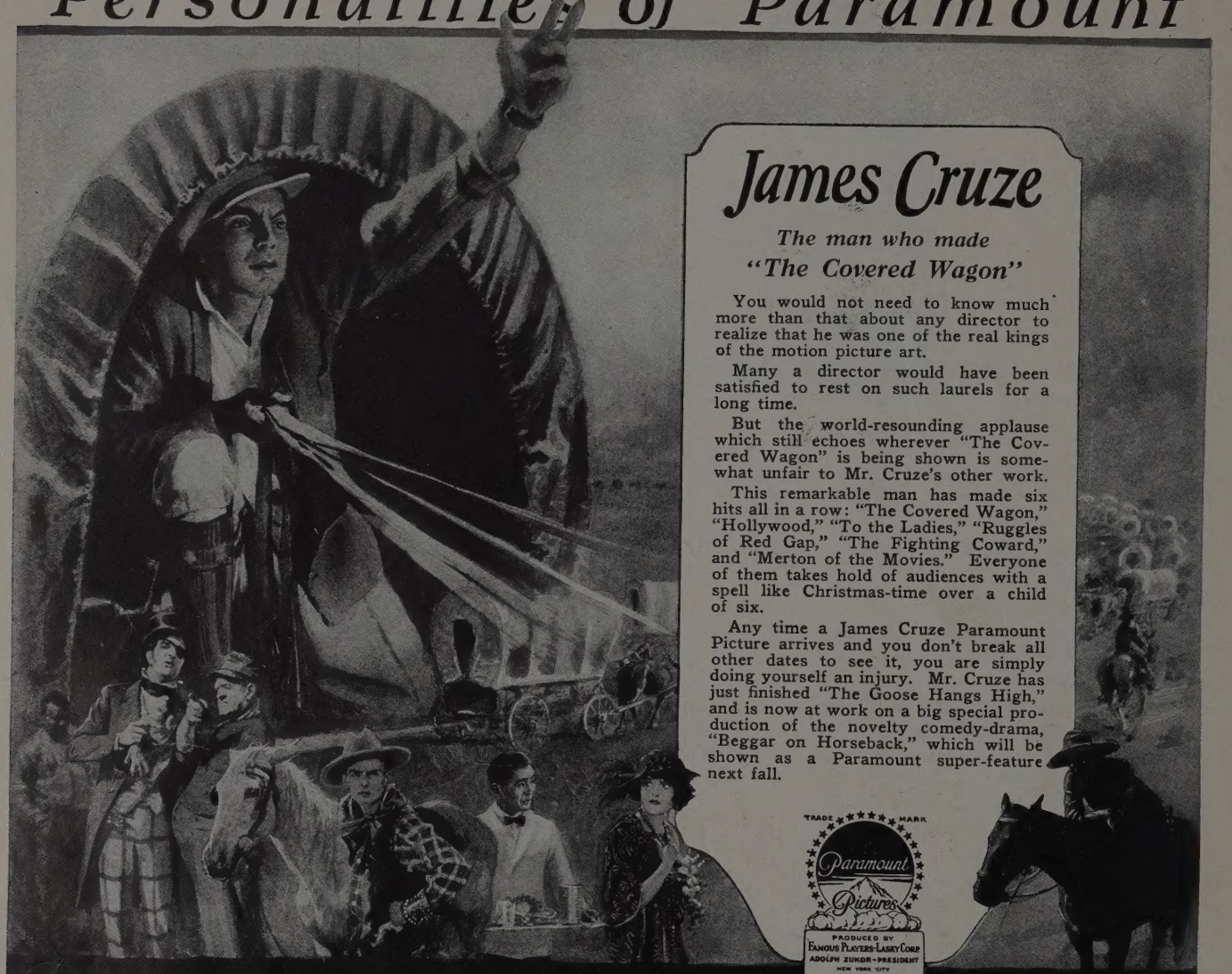
THE AMPICO CORPORATION
437 Fifth Avenue, New York City

The AMPICO

The ALL of the PIANO

THEATRE MAGAZINE is published on the fifteenth of each month by Theatre Magazine Company, 2 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. SUBSCRIPTIONS $4.00 a year in advance. Yearly indexes 25c. Entered as second-class matter, August 3, 1917, at the Post Office, N. Y.; additional entry at the Post Office, Jamaica, N. Y., January 8, 1924; under the act of March 3, 1879.

Personalities of Paramount



James Cruze

The man who made "The Covered Wagon"

You would not need to know much more than that about any director to realize that he was one of the real kings of the motion picture art.

Many a director would have been satisfied to rest on such laurels for a long time.

But the world-resounding applause which still echoes wherever "The Covered Wagon" is being shown is somewhat unfair to Mr. Cruze's other work.

This remarkable man has made six hits all in a row: "The Covered Wagon," "Hollywood," "To the Ladies," "Ruggles of Red Gap," "The Fighting Coward," and "Merton of the Movies." Everyone of them takes hold of audiences with a spell like Christmas-time over a child of six.

Any time a James Cruze Paramount Picture arrives and you don't break all other dates to see it, you are simply doing yourself an injury. Mr. Cruze has just finished "The Goose Hangs High," and is now at work on a big special production of the novelty comedy-drama, "Beggar on Horseback," which will be shown as a Paramount super-feature next fall.

TRADE MARK
Paramount Pictures
PRODUCED BY
FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP
ADOLPH ZUKOR-PRESIDENT
NEW YORK CITY

Paramount Pictures

Changing Conditions in the Film Industry

PEOPLE used to refer to the movie game. A game it was, fifteen years ago, and a gamble too, for producer, exhibitor and fan.

Everybody took a chance and often lost.

The motion picture industry of today is very different. Entertainment as a world-wide industry is in a class with Food, Housing, Transportation and other fundamentals of life.

As far as the best quality of Production is concerned, there exists a *standard*, and it is high because Paramount sets it.

As far as Distribution is concerned, Paramount Pictures are shown by the best theatres in almost every community in America.

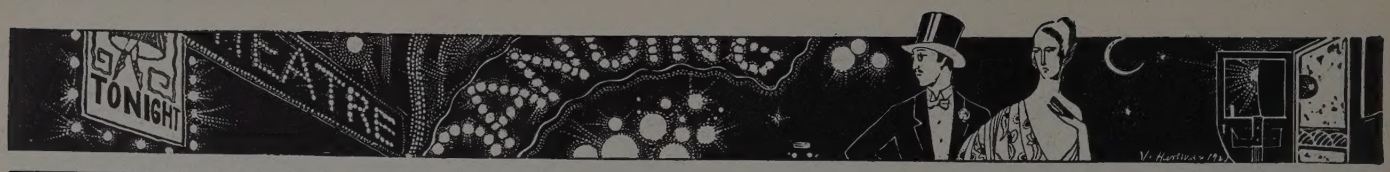
As far as Demand is concerned, you tell that story yourself by your patronage.

Today, millions have excellent reason to know before they go that—

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

The smart mode of Paris and New York
Imported Millinery and Altman Adaptations
Individualized for the smart woman

FIFTH AVENUE B. ALTMAN & CO. NEW YORK



B. F. Keith's
PALACE
The Million Dollar Theatre
BROADWAY AND 47th ST.
NEW YORK
THE WORLD'S GREATEST
VAUDEVILLE
THEATRE
AND PREMIER
MUSIC HALL
Those who love distinction and luxury will find the appointments of this theatre completely to their liking. In the bills presented there's a dash of everything worth while in theatricals. The best that the Operatic, Dramatic, Concert, Comedy and Vaudeville stages can offer, blended by experts in entertainment.
DAILY MATINEES, 25c, 50c, 75c, and Best Seats $1.00
EVENINGS, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00
Except Sundays and Holidays

CAPITOL BROADWAY at 51st Street
World's Largest and Foremost Motion Picture Theatre
EDWARD BOWES, Managing Director
DELUXE MOTION PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT
CAPITOL BALLET CORPS
Mlle. Gambarelli, Ballerina
CAPITOL GRAND ORCHESTRA
Presentations by ROTHAFEL

Paramount Pictures
The RIVOLI Broadway at 49th St.
Rivoli Concert Orchestra
The RIALTO Broadway at 42nd St.
Famous Rialto Orchestra
The Best in Photoplays And the Best in Music
HUGO RIESENFELD, *Managing Director*

IF YOU ARE COMING TO NEW YORK
Write for a copy of
THE PLAY GUIDE

THE PLAY GUIDE

The Play Guide of Theatre Magazine is a guide for young and old, to America's greatest amusement center, New York City. Lest you lose yourself in the maze of good, bad and indifferent in this vast playground the Theatre Magazine offers you the clue of The Play Guide. Mark its sign-posts well! They will avoid your suffering boredom.

WHAT would we do without the zest that our night clubs lend to life?

But to keep in touch with them constitutes a whole business in itself. For just because you have been to such-and-such a one last week does not mean that you are in the know about it this week. Probably it has been redecorated since you were there, or the old entertainment scrapped and a fresh list offered. It may even have moved away altogether and a new club opened up over the way. It is our job to keep you informed of these changes, these shifting lights and shadows, and, believe it or not, it keeps us hustling.

SPEAKING OF CHANGES

THE *Club Moritz*, which we recently recommended in these columns for your consumption, we thrust forward again for notice as being now an even choicer tid-bit in the way of supper clubs than it was before. An entire new bill of entertainment has been put on, retaining only George Olsen and his orchestra, the best feature of the old. In addition to the famous George there is, first of all, Monya of the *épatant* "silver specialty," who dances with her body painted all in shining silver, and they do say that this gleaming dress of paint costs her two hundred and fifty dollars weekly.

After Monya comes Delphine, a dancer claimed to belong in the Gilda Gray class, though personally we refuse to transfer our allegiance. And, third, there is little Dot Wilson, who used to be at the El Fey Club, the most engaging of eighteen-year-old flappers, who sings and dances and creates general havoc in the manly breasts of all the college youth.

With such entertainment and floor and Olsen music and food it is no wonder that the *Club Moritz* is one of the most popular places around the town.

Another change to be noted is that of the program at *Ciro's*, where, instead of Cortez and Peggy, Mary Hay and Clifton Webb are now the charming and piquant dance team under way. Their first appearance was a great occasion, with all the celebrities in town present. Dick Barthelmess started out dancing attendance on his Mary Hay wife every night—we mean she did the dancing and he did the attendance—but we imagine that this nightly chaperonage in conjunction with his moving-picture work will prove too strenuous to last long. In the meantime, however, his admirers may bask in his presence at the club, which adds his charm as well as Mary's to its other attractions. Ben Bernie's orchestra and the Argentines still remain to furnish the music.

Those constitute the main changes in the supper clubs to date.

ADDED TO THE LIST

of those already in full blast is Lew Leslie's new *Rue de la Paix*, which is opening as we go to press with an entertainment called *The Revels of 1925*, and the *pièce de résistance* of the famous Isham Jones and his orchestra, come out of the West, or more literally from five successful seasons in Chicago to join his music to that already melodying on Broadway. In Chicago Isham Jones has a reputation equal to any of our own popular idols of the orchestra, and it is prophesied that he will easily take his place among these. *Nous verrons* what we shall see!

Not exactly to be termed a supper club and yet able to serve in lieu of one at a pinch is the new Jansen *Hofbrau House* at Broadway and Fifty-second Street. This is a "bigger and better" edition of a certain Hofbrau House that held forth for many years on lower Broadway, whose atmosphere, backgrounded with dark wainscoting and the brightness of colorful steins, and whose excellent beers and ales used to gladden us in the days before the war.

In the new establishment August Jansen, Jr., the youthful manager, is offering something rather different to the public. He has spent a large sum of money on the place, which is decorated after the manner of a typical Hofbrau and has a seating capacity of fifteen hundred, with private dining-rooms and booths as well. The Commanders' orchestra, which created such a sensation when they opened in Elsie Janis' *Puzzles of 1925*, has been secured, and the dance floor is one of those commodious affairs that can accommodate a large number of couples with comfort.

Luncheon, dinner and supper will be served, both *table d'hôte* and *à la carte*, and at very moderate prices.

OTHERS PRESENT

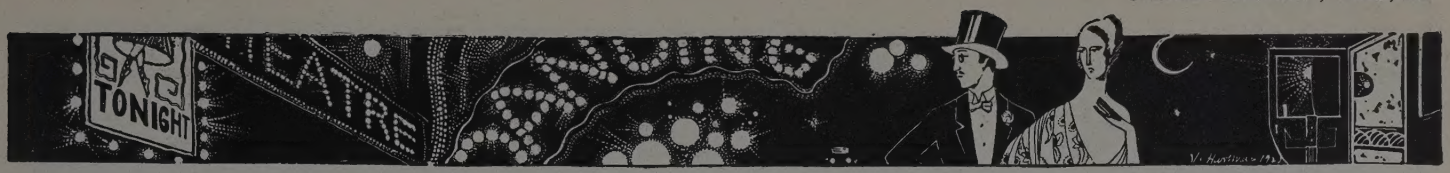
WHETHER the Piccadilly-Rendezvous should be classed with the old or the new we do not know.

A National Institution
B. F. Keith's
NEW YORK
HIPPODROME
THE GREATEST
PLAYHOUSE
IN THE WORLD
Novelties from everywhere. Under the direction of E. F. Albee and the B. F. Keith's Vaudeville Circuit, presenting the Earth's Greatest Show at prices that spell success.
DAILY MATINEES
including Sundays
1000 Seats at 50c
EVENINGS
including Sundays
1000 Seats at $1.00

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE
WEST 42nd STREET
Reduced Price Matinées Wed. and Sat.
NEW EDITION
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
Will Rogers in Topics of the Day
Glorifying the American Girl
458 Seats $1.00 if Bought in Advance

"A MASTERPIECE" —*A. Woollcott Eve Sun.*
SAM H. HARRIS Presents
IRVING BERLIN'S FOURTH ANNUAL
MUSIC BOX REVUE
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
MUSIC BOX THEA., W. 45th St. Eves. 8.30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.30

MARK
STRAND
Broadway at 47th Street
A National Institution
Direction - - - - - Joseph L. Plunkett
Photo Presentation of Finest Features
FAMOUS MARK STRAND BALLET CORPS
Mark Strand Symphony Orchestra
Carl Edouarde, Conductor



ARTHUR L. LEE
Managing Director
Hotel McAlpin
Hotel
Martinique

A Frank Talk

to the Man or Woman Planning to Visit New York

WHATEVER success I have had as the manager of the great Hotel McAlpin, I credit to but one thing.

My ability to get the viewpoint of the visitor to New York—to *understand* his or her wishes and desires—to *sympathize* with one away from the familiar comforts of his own home.

I am very sensitive as to what my guests think of the McAlpin. Whatever they may think—good or bad—reflects upon me.

I've been over the country and often longed to give the discriminating traveling public things I've seen lacking in the average hotel.

So the McAlpin offers you just what I would expect from the finest hotel in the world.

What I expect—and what you get at the McAlpin—is this:

Clean, cheerful, rooms—with unlimited service at limited expense—

The cozy comfort of your own home—with every modern convenience at your fingers' tips—

The finest food in the world—served while the most bewitching dance music plays.

I want you to think well of my great City of New York—and I can do this only by having you think well of the McAlpin.

So I invite you here—wire, write or phone—and I assure you the kind of treatment you would like if you yourself were the manager of the McAlpin.

Arthur L. Lee
Managing Director

IMPORTANT—When making your reservation, be sure to request the handy, colored service map of New York City, which shows clearly and simply all subway, "L" and other stations—an exclusive McAlpin feature, of course. Ask for Map T.M.

Hotel McAlpin

Broadway at 34th Street

THE HOME OF
WMCA
RADIO BROADCASTING STATION
"WHERE THE WHITE WAY BEGINS"

THE 25th ANNIVERSARY of THEATRE MAGAZINE

will be celebrated in the MAY number—a panorama in text and pictures of the achievements of the American Stage during the past quarter of a century.

ORDER YOUR COPY EARLY

You remember it doubtless from last year, when the popular Gil Boag was its chief and when Gilda Gray danced at The Rendezvous up-stairs nightly and the fact that it closed. It has reopened its doors again at the same location, though under a different management, and the Piccadilly Ten are making it a popular "rendezvous" for after-the-theatre diners and dancers.

We don't know just the cause for the oversight, but we believe we have never adequately mentioned in these columns the *Club Alabam,* which opened last spring and was a huge hit from the start. It is under the same clever management as the Club Moritz, though offering a totally different kind of atmosphere and divertissement. This is a Creole entertainment, headed by Sam Wooding and his fourteen-piece orchestra, . . a fantasy, dashing, exhilarating, pep-giving, as only the colored entertainer knows how to make it. "Two shows nightly!"

On Sunday evening a special three-dollar dinner occurs, whose reputation has gone abroad. This repast runs from six to nine, a wonderfully delicious baked chicken dinner, with the privilege of viewing the two shows, condensed into one, without any cover charge. . .

A flapper friend tells us she likes to go with her young man of an afternoon to the Italian Gardens of *The Ambassador,* which are always smart. On Tuesday afternoons, we think she said, they have what they call a Tango Tea, when the tango is danced in illustration and special tango music —though not to the exclusion of everything else—is played for those hounds who wish to practise their steps. There is always dinner dancing in the Italian Gardens from seven to ten and supper dancing in the grill, and Hollander's fine orchestra plays for both.

UP ON BROADWAY

IN conclusion we wish to tell you of a corking little tea-room restaurant on upper Broadway and convenient to the theatres, which is about two years old and has been a pet with all sorts of people of the stage from the start. Its name is *Bouton's* and we have seen there at one time or another Margalo Gillmore, Henry Hull, Eddie Cantor, Ethel Barrymore, the latter when she was appearing in the neighborhood coming twice a day. . . The little beauties from The Ritz Review, when it was playing 'round the corner, came for lunch and tea. . . It is liked by producers and playwrights knocking off rehearsals. James K. Hackett we saw once lingering over a late lunch, Frank Fay, the former husband of Frances White, and so delicious a comedian, lingering over a late breakfast. No indeedy, we were in for an early luncheon. . . At least on that occasion we were. Not that we haven't had a late breakfast there also, and very glad, since the party of the night before had stretched to an early hour, that breakfast was served up till 11.30.

That breakfast service, running from 8.30 till practically noon, proves how much *Bouton's* has the theatrical profession and those who must wait upon it at heart. And such delicious and inexpensive *petits dejeuners* too! With the cereal always cooked to perfection, a test of good cooking, don't you think, and the cream so real and the bacon and toast so crisp. As are the breakfasts so the rest of the food. . . It is one of the few places in the city that offers an extended menu containing the proper food for pretty skins and slender figures, and perhaps that is why the actresses like it so well. One is always sure of being able to obtain the nourishing dark breads, pure butter—which is used exclusively in the cooking, too—a variety of fresh vegetables and green salads. . . Seats around the wall, becoming lights, create coziness, and extraordinarily quick and agile service from pretty waitresses make it possible to find a table even at that most crowded hour of noon. Again, no wonder for its popularity.

ANNE ARCHBALD.

Forthcoming Attractions

Impending Broadway Openings As We Go To Press

Cæsar and Cleopatra. The new Guild Theatre will open with Helen Hayes and Lionel Atwill playing the leading rôles in Shaw's play.

The Green Hat. A play, based on Michael Arlen's book, with Katharine Cornell, Leslie Howard, Eugene Powers and Ann Harding in the cast.

Primrose. A musical comedy. Music by George Gershwin, with Basil Durant and Kendall Lee.

The Sapphire Ring. A play from the Hungarian of Lazio Lakatos, with Kenneth MacKenna and Helen Gahagan.

School Belles. A musical version of the play by Dorothy Donnelly, with Florence Eldridge and Frank Moulan.

The Lounge Lizard. A play by G. E. Harold Terry, with Estelle Winwood, John Cumberland and José Alessandro.

Ma Pettingill. A comedy by Owen Davis, based on Harry Leon Wilson's novel, with Edna May Oliver, Lotus Robb and Burr McIntosh.

THE
RITZ-CARLTON
ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.

America's Smartest Resort Hotel
Famous for its Perfect Cuisine and Service

GUSTAVE TOTT
Manager

Near Enough to the business district for convenience, far enough away for quiet, The Belmont is the ideal hotel for the visitor to Chicago.

The Belmont

HUGH McLENNAN, *President*
G. E. BILLINGSLEY, *Manager*
SHERIDAN ROAD AT BELMONT
Chicago

GOING TO NEW YORK?

HERETOFORE, before going to the city of "Many Things to Do," have you first taken advantage of the service features of THEATRE MAGAZINE to which you are entitled as a reader?

Our PLAY GUIDE service, for instance?

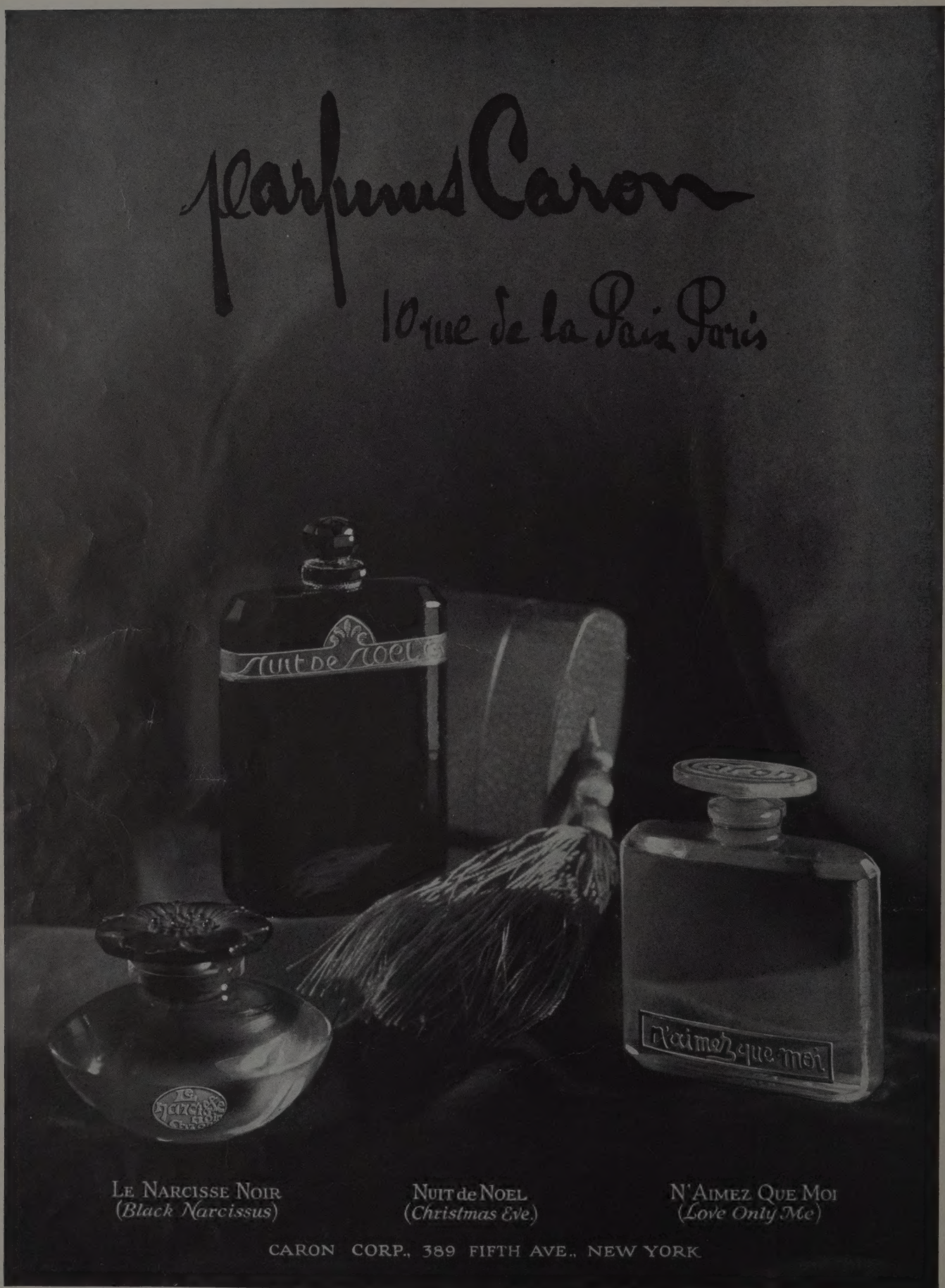
New supper clubs are opening and the Great White Way—the greatest dramatic center in the world—offers plays of every description for your entertainment.

The PLAY GUIDE will tell you what plays to see—what to avoid—where to dine and dance after the theatre, and it will give you invaluable pointers about the smart supper clubs of New York. In a word, it is a signpost to America's greatest amusement center!

Just a line on your stationery, saying "I am coming to New York; please send me the PLAY GUIDE," will bring you a copy by return mail.

New editions of the PLAY GUIDE are issued from time to time. You may have a copy for the asking. Write for it, enclosing 4c in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

THE PLAY GUIDE
THEATRE MAGAZINE
2 West 45th St., New York City


Parfums Caron
10 rue de la Paix Paris
Nuit de Noel
N'aimez que moi
Le Narcisse Noir
(Black Narcissus)
Nuit de Noel
(Christmas Eve)
N'Aimez Que Moi
(Love Only Me)
CARON CORP., 389 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

The Fan scene in the Shuberts' production of *Artists and Models*

CONTENTS for APRIL, 1925

SPECIAL ARTICLES

What Is a Box-Office Play? *Edgar Selwyn and Kenneth MacGowan* 9
Chinese Drama on the Bowery.....*Thomas Dawson* 10
If I Were You.....*Perceval Reniers* 12
The Poignant Women of Pauline Lord.....*Alice Rohe* 20
Confessions of a Playwright.....*Sydney Rosenfeld* 25
Plays and Revues on Berlin's Stage.....*Bella Cohen* 28

SPECIAL FEATURES

The Editor's Uneasy Chair..... 7
Mirrors of Stageland..... 22
Heard on Broadway..... 40

ART FEATURES

Cover Design.....*Carl Link*
Sylphide.....*Rabinovitch* 6
The Sugar Daddy.....*Wynn* 8

REVIEWS

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play..... 15
The Dove, The Dark Angel, The Love Song, She Had to Know, The Depths, Puzzles of 1925.
Screenland.....*Aileen St. John-Brenon* 31
Music.....*Grenville Vernon* 34
Vaudeville.....*Carol Bird* 36
Radio.....*Charlotte Geer* 38

THE NEW PLAYS

Processional..... 14

FULL PAGE PORTRAITS

Dorothy Francis..... 5
Adele and Fred Astair..... 13
Robert Armstrong and James Gleason..... 17
Jane Cowl..... 19
Laura Hope Crews..... 27
Doris Keane..... 30

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Moods in the Dance..... 11
The Passing Show..... 21
Feminine Types in Recent Plays..... 23
Temptresses—Biblical and Modern..... 24
Distinguished Stars of the German Stage..... 29
Scene from "Too Many Kisses"..... 33
Among Those Present at the Music Feast..... 35
From the Vaudeville Grab-Bag..... 37
The New Generation on the Stage..... 39

DEPARTMENTS

The Amateur Stage.....*M. E. Kehoe* 41

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE: With its May number THEATRE MAGAZINE celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary. The occasion will be marked by the publication of a sumptuous Souvenir issue containing a wealth of interesting and unusual articles written by men famous in the theatre. Among the best-known contributors are George Bernard Shaw, Daniel Frohman, Lee Shubert, Oscar Hammerstein II, John McCormack, Adolph Zukor and George Gershwin. An amazing and beautiful collection of pictorial features, including pages showing stage celebrities in their childhood, entertaining cartoons by Wynn and Decker, lovely portraits of present-day footlight favorites and striking pictures of dancers. A number that will be talked about!

London Office: 10 Buckingham Street, Strand
J. T. GREIN, resident correspondent

F. E. ALLARDT, Director of Circulation

The publishers cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or drawings. If postage is enclosed, an effort will be made to return unavailable material promptly, but in no case are the publishers liable for damage or loss.

LOUIS MEYER, PAUL MEYER } Publishers

Published monthly by the Theatre Magazine Company, 2 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Louis Meyer, President and Treasurer; Paul Meyer, Vice-President; Henry Stern, Secretary. Single copies are thirty-five cents; four dollars by the year. Foreign countries, add 50c. for mail; Canada, add 50c. Title THEATRE MAGAZINE, registered U. S. Patent Office.

GORHAM PLATE
IN THE WESTMINSTER PATTERN

SELECTED BY FLORENZ ZIEGFELD
FOR THE SECOND ACT OF

"LOUIE XIV"

Featuring Leon Errol
at the COSMOPOLITAN THEATRE

THE *new* Westminster Pattern is fashioned to the same ideal of beautiful design that distinguishes all products wrought by the Gorham master craftsmen. Your jeweler will gladly show you the Westminster and other exquisite Gorham-plated productions in flatware, tea, and dinner services.

GORHAM

NEW YORK PROVIDENCE

AMERICA'S · LEADING · SILVERSMITHS · FOR · OVER · 90 · YEARS

THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XL. No. 288 APRIL, 1925

Photo Goldberg

DOROTHY FRANCIS

Former Grand Opera Artiste Whose Lovely Voice and Sweet, Appealing Personality Proved the Chief Attraction of the Shuberts' Splendid Production of "The Love Song"

SYLPHIDE

Ula Sharon of the "Music Box Revue" Suggests the Ethereal Ballerinas of the Nineteenth Century

Study by Rabinovitch

THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor

The Editor's Uneasy Chair

Smoking in Crowded Theatres

A NUISANCE that playgoers are sometimes asked to put up with, but which should no longer be tolerated, is smoking in a crowded theatre. It is a serious health menace—to say nothing of the annoyance to non-smokers—and should not be permitted by the city authorities. It is also a mistake from the business point of view, for the practice frightens away more patrons than it attracts.

Most of the New York theatres provide smoking-rooms for patrons. During intermissions men and women can smoke there, or in the lobby or on the sidewalk in front of the theatre. But the Winter Garden is conducted along the lines of burlesque houses. Patrons smoke throughout the performance. As a result, the air is blue and thick with smoke. Non-smokers and even the smokers choke and gag and cough through the whole show. It likewise affects the throats and lungs of the performers on the stage. They wise-crack about it, but the hint is not effective. The girl ushers cough and blink their eyes, stinging from the smoke fumes as they make their way through the blue haze escorting patrons to seats.

To permit smoking in a theatre during an entire show is not favoring audiences. In the first place, smokers need not be deprived of their pleasure. Smoking-rooms should be provided in all theatres. In the second place, there is no reason why non-smokers, particularly women who have not acquired the habit, should be tortured by smoke fumes in this unnecessary way. It is dangerous to health, particularly during the winter months when respiratory diseases are prevalent, to sit in a smoke-filled theatre for several hours. The delicate membranes of the nose, throat and lungs are affected. If the manager of a theatre cannot see the danger to which he is subjecting people by permitting this wholly unnecessary and pernicious liberty in his theatre, the Health Department should inform him of it.

Trying Plays on the Dog

OF more than usual interest, to those who have followed Sydney Rosenfeld's diverting "Confessions of a Playwright" in this magazine, is what the author has to say in this month's installment upon a matter of vital importance to prospective producers: The custom of trying a new play on "the dog," a practice first introduced by the late Charles Frohman and to which every producer has adhered religiously ever since. The preliminary "tryout," it may be said at once, has its advantages. Until a play is in action—that is to say, until it reaches actual performance—it is very difficult to visualize it as a whole. There are weak spots here and there which escape notice even at rehearsal and which only a public performance bring to light. One or more of the actors also may be unsuited to their rôles. The "tryout" affords an opportunity to drop those who prove unsatisfactory and replace them with others. When this preliminary canter is not made, the producer is said to have brought his play into town "cold."

Mr. Rosenfeld, however, argues that the smoothness of the performance is only a small factor compared with the unknown something that makes "the hit," that the expenses of opening out of town quite exhaust the resources of the independent producer with limited capital, and that the more rational plan would be to do as all our earlier and greater producers did years ago—open boldly in New York, and, since chance must in any case decide, put his fate to the touch and risk to win or lose all on the New York verdict. Augustin Daly never tried his plays on the road. His Tuesday night openings in New York were an event. As Mr. Rosenfeld says, it may even be questioned whether what is gained by an alleged smoothness is not counterbalanced by the absence of that electric quality in the acting which is inherent only in a first-night performance. The capital consumed by experimental trips in dog towns might be made to serve much more potentially by opening immediately in the metropolis—it being always understood, of course, that careful, intelligent and sufficient rehearsals have preceded such opening.

What's Wrong With the Two-a-Day?

WHAT ails the vaudeville stage? The two-a-day, once so fertile a field of clever acrobatics, blackface, dance-and-song, appears to be languishing from lack of real talent. The bills are growing more colorless and less entertaining every day. Time there was when people in search of a good laugh flocked to the halls. Famous comedian teams, single star acts were plentiful. Especially popular the famous pairs of fun-makers who dotted the programs. Why the change? Where have they gone, these entertainers who used to keep audiences convulsed with mirth?

There is only one place they could go—the legitimate stage. That's the real reason for the dearth of talent in the halls. The legitimate robs vaudeville of its brightest stars as fast as they establish reputations. Once let a comedy team make a hit in the two-a-day and, presto! it is whisked to Broadway to appear in musical comedies and revues. Undoubtedly the variety people get more money or they would not desert their first love. That, of course, is an unanswerable argument, a form of competition that the vaudeville producer must meet as he judges best.

It is also true that sometimes the process is reversed—the legitimate sends to the halls its best-known actors. But it does not work out the same way. Vaudeville patrons are not particularly keen about tabloid thrills—small chunks out of a real play. They visit the halls primarily to have their risibilities tickled. They want straight comedy. And they want it offered by vaudeville stars. They rejoice in slapstick comedy, that spontaneous type of fun-making for which the old-time vaudeville head-liners were famous. Their joyous style was inimitable. It can not be duplicated.

Vaudeville patrons want their old favorites back again. There ought to be some way whereby the vaudeville producers could lure them back to their former field. Failing in this, there ought to be a new supply of genuine talent.

THE SUGAR DADDY

Sketched from life by Wynn

A situation old as Drama itself. Only the lines describing the "Eternal Triangle" change with the times. The erstwhile "Angel" is seated, while the ci-devant "Johnnie" enters. This is how the dingy Abigail describes it up to date: "Umph—UMPH! Heavy sugah daddy settin' on de mourner's bench when huh pet 'sheik' comes a-knockin' at de doah!—Gwine to be a rucus, shore's you's bawn; de show shuts, an de 'star dresser' bettah be huntin' huhse'f anothah light-housekeepin' job.—All de signs say 'Fallin' weathah'!"

What Is a Box-Office Play?

All Producers Seek to Please the Public but Each Makes His Appeal by Different Methods

THE COMMERCIAL THEATRE

By EDGAR SELWYN

ALL this differentiation between the Art Theatre and the Commercial Theatre seems to me a bit absurd, largely because the line of demarcation is so slight. Art in any field must eventually have its commercial value. Therefore any Art Theatre worth the name will become the Commercial Theatre. Certainly the mere fact that it makes money does not preclude real artistic value for a theatre or for the play tenanting it.

Of course, the Little-Theatre movement had its inception in high ideals. Out of it has come many artistic things. Through its indifference to financial profit has come, for instance, a greater freedom of expression; a greater faithfulness to artistic production; a greater degree of unselfishness in accomplishment. Nevertheless, even the productions of the so-called Art Theatres increase in commercial value precisely as they increase in popular appeal, thereupon becoming as commercial as that of any other theatre.

It has been my personal experience that the truly artistic play, combined with a truly artistic production, is the surest guarantee for popular success even in what is termed the Commercial Theatre. Cheap and tawdry things may have an ephemeral success, but they do not pay in the long run and never did. Money is but the *symbol* of public appreciation of worth in the theatre, just as it is a symbol in every other line of human endeavor.

What is an Art theatre and what a Commercial theatre? An Art theatre, actuated only by high ideals, not permitting its judgment to be swayed by considerations of monetary gain or loss, produces plays regardless of their box-office appeal. The Commercial theatre frankly puts the question of profit first. It tries to guess what the average theatregoer likes and caters for all and sundry—cultured and uncultured alike. In the accompanying articles representative directors of each type of theatre interestingly defend their respective positions.

The producer who insists that his success be told off in terms of dollars is, therefore, only insisting on a tangible expression of public appreciation of the entertainment he is supplying. If it fails to satisfy the artistic sense of audiences, he will soon find himself without a theatre—commercial or otherwise. The theatregoing public insists on true merit, and every producer recognizes this requirement. Every line of creative work has its value expressed through some material terms. The man who goes through life experimenting on canvas and never sells a picture is not a success. There's something wrong with the artistic value of paintings which have no moneyed recognition over a long period of years. The same thing applies to the theatre. The Little Theatres may experiment (and it's good to experiment), but when that experimentation develops something of real value it is recognized through the symbol of money, whereupon it merges into the so-called Commercial Theatre, a fact which I mention because of my previous statement that the line of demarcation between the Art Theatre and the Commercial Theatre is so small as to be negligible.

Every producer who has any vision at all is happy to experiment "on his own." He's glad to spend money in the exploitation of some extremely artistic thing just to find out how near its appreciation public taste has grown. My brother Arch and I, for instance, never had more happiness and satisfaction in all the years of our producing activities than in our production of *Johannes Kreisler.* We brought the production of forty-two scenes from Germany, and invited Svend Gade to come over and work his own invention in the mechanics of the production. It was by far the most artistic venture in our experience, and we have never regretted it, despite the fact that in it we lost more than a hundred thousand dollars. Thus does the Commercial Theatre frequently become the Art Theatre. There are very few American managers

(*Continued on page* 50)

THE ART THEATRE

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

THE little theatres of America and the great theatres of Central Europe have one thing in common. They are true theatrical institutions. They are permanent homes of permanent producing organizations. Each has a director, a technical staff and an acting company, all working in one house and in one house alone. This means that each has a permanent policy and a permanent audience. The result is a definite level of artistic achievement—whether the institution is the Ram's Head Players of Washington or the Moscow Art Theatre.

The little theatres of America and the two houses managed by the Provincetown-Greenwich Village group in New York likewise have something in common. These scattered theatres of New Orleans, Baltimore, Santa Barbara and Galveston may be largely amateur, while ours are wholly professional; yet they have a closer kinship to us in organization and purpose than we have to the show-shops of Broadway. Productions first made in our theatres are accepted by up-town managements. Three of them, *Desire Under the Elms, S. S. Glencairn* and *The Emperor Jones,* are playing along the Great White Way as I write; but our theatres are set off from Broadway by three definite policies, policies in which the little theatres potentially share.

I might have said that they are set off by two men, for Eugene O'Neill and Robert Edmond Jones, who share the direction with me, are outstanding leaders with ideas and ambitions unique in the American theatre. These men and their ideas give our venture its distinctive quality.

The first idea is an experiment in playwriting. This we owe in part to the old organization of the Provincetown Players which nourished O'Neill and which O'Neill nourished. It is an idea, however, in which Jones and I have always had the keenest interest. It means that our stage is open to plays in which some playwright—native or foreign—ventures into new paths. O'Neill found this theatre ready to accept and vivify his *The Emperor Jones.* It was prepared last year to risk *All God's Chillun Got Wings* and O'Neill's dramatic version of *The Ancient Mariner.* This season it has tried a dream play by Edmund Wilson, *The Crime in the Whistler Room,* and Walter Hasenclever's German expressionist drama, *Beyond,* in which only two characters fill twenty-two scenes. It has in hand a fourth-dimensional melodrama by Charles Webster, called *The Man Who Never Died.*

The second idea is an experiment in stage direction and stage setting. Though Jones is obviously the leader here, O'Neill has seen the possibilities of the modern stage and taken advantage of them steadily from *The Emperor Jones* to *Desire Under the Elms.* In *The Ancient Mariner, George Dandin, The Spook Sonata, Fashion, Beyond* and *Patience* we have tried significant experiments in stage management and *mise en scène.*

The third idea links us close with the theatres of Germany, Scandinavia, Russia, Italy and Spain, as well as with those of Washington and points west. We are experimenting with repertory. We have organized the beginnings of a permanent repertory company and we have begun to revive good plays out of the past.

On the latter score we have *Fashion* and *Patience* to our credit; *Diff'rent* and *The Emperor Jones;* and to Molière's *George Dandin* we hope to add Congreve's *Love for Love* or Shakespeare's

(*Continued on page* 50)

Chinese Drama on the Bowery

New Yorkers Now Given an Opportunity to See the Oriental Theatre at Its Most Picturesque

By THOMAS DAWSON

HER name is Ying Ying. She is older than the Ming Dynasty, yet contemporaneous with the Ming Dynasty. Manchu empresses are mere parvenus to Ying Ying and yet she is the sister of all the Manchu empresses. She is also the sister of the Chinese merchant's daughter, and she is also the dream bride of the Manhattan chop suey waiter and the chop suey busboy. She is the great Chinese heroine, the embodiment of all the Mongolian wife and sweetheart virtues. Now she makes her appearance on the Bowery.

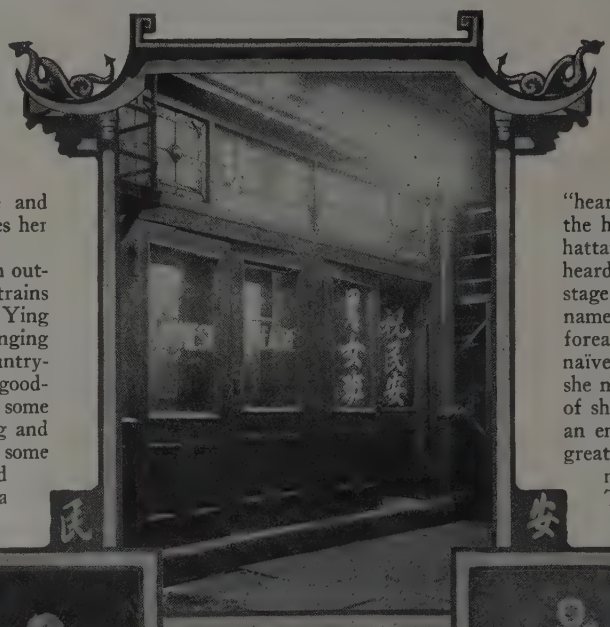
Wobbly hoboes pass up and down outside. The Third Avenue elevated trains grind and crash above the street. Ying Ying walks in her tiny shoon, singing incomparably to her slant-eyed countrymen, singing the ancient dreams of goodness and beauty. She will walk some other stage to-night in Hong Kong and some other stage in Peking and some other stage in milder Hupeh and again in wilder Korea. She has a myriad embodiment.

Nowhere will Ying Ying in her florescent silks appeal more sensuously than in the shabby old theatre at 235 Bowery. Two years ago Giovanni Grasso, venerable Coquelin of the Latin stage, enacted his brashly emotional nineteenth-century dramas there and stirred a segment of Manhattan Italy as it had not been stirred since leaving Milan and Rome. The footsteps of Chinese Thespians in the old playhouse are lighter than those of Grasso's Italian troupe. Their art form is also more artificial. But they command emotion from the yellow men of New York in a measure equivalent to Grasso's evocations. That would seem to be an accomplishment.

THE explanation is a simple one. The theatre that opens its doors nightly a few steps from the Salvation Army Hotel, irrespective of the multitudinous hoboes near by and of the jarring twentieth-century Third Avenue "L," is genuinely Chinese. It has more of the true Cathay in it than chop suey. It is even more Mongolian than Chinatown. The orchestra is Chinese, the actors are fresh out of China, the plays have been Chinese for centuries, and the audience is composed exclusively of yellow men. The habiliments of the spectators are Occidental and three of the seven musicians wear button shoes. Outside of that, the mood of the place is of a piece with pagoda-ed and dragonesque temples north of Siam. The Chinese in New York go there as to a shrine.

They used to have a theatre in Chinatown, but the tourist traffic made the theatrical business difficult. The sightseers were always making their way into the theatre and asking about the play. It interrupted the dialogue. Consequently the Chinese managers moved several blocks up-town, first to one theatre and then to another along that avenue of yesterday that stems from Cooper Union. By a strange irony, while Ying Ying is touching the hearts of yellow men in the vicinity of the Bowery Mission, evangelists are holding forth to three or four hundred Occidental hoboes down in Chinatown at the old Doyers Street theatre. The Chinese merchants turned their theatre over to Christian social workers when they took a new dramatic location several blocks away. A mixed-up situation of this kind could perhaps occur nowhere but in New York.

Ying Ying, afore-mentioned, can be considered generically as "heart of China." In particular, she is the heroine of many plays. Her Manhattan embodiment, to be seen and heard nightly from that crumbling stage, is a frail and saffron-fingered lady named Tom Fee Jong. She has tiny forearms and a countenance incredibly naïve. More delicate than any flower, she makes entrances on tiny red squares of shoon. She is like the child bride of an emperor, like a tender dream of the great Chinese poet, Li Po. The Chinamen smile when Ying Ying enters. They are manifestly delighted when she speaks or sings in her high, sweet voice. And when Ying Ying weeps, the audience weeps with her. The Chinese theatre on the Bowery would seem to war with the concept of the unemotional Mongol.



© *H. A. Schoenhals*

Front of the old Caruso Theatre on the Bowery, now the home of Manhattan's Chinese players

© *H. A. Schoenhals*

Miss Tom Fee Jong, as the lovely Ying Ying, matinée heroine of every Chinaman's dream

© *H. A. Schoenhals*

Miss Chan Fei Wang, as the warrior nun, the classical lady boxer, a peppery person when provoked

YING YING is one of many characters. She is in direct contrast to the Chinese mother part, a character of astonishing decision and vigor, played in New York by Miss Chan Fei Wang. Miss Chan's voice is less lyrical than Miss Tom's, and Miss Chan's forearms exhibit a downright muscularity. Sometimes her stage husband abandons her or dies, and she is left to shift for herself. She invariably does this with success and not infrequently appears in the final scenes as a lady warrior who vanquishes evil bravos. Miss Chan is diminutive, but her stage actions are nothing short of Amazonian. She engages in wrestling matches and even in duels to advantage. Usually her son is a scholar, a mild person who scorns the arts of war.

One gets the idea that Chinese playwrights in the early centuries were erudite

(*Continued on page* 52)

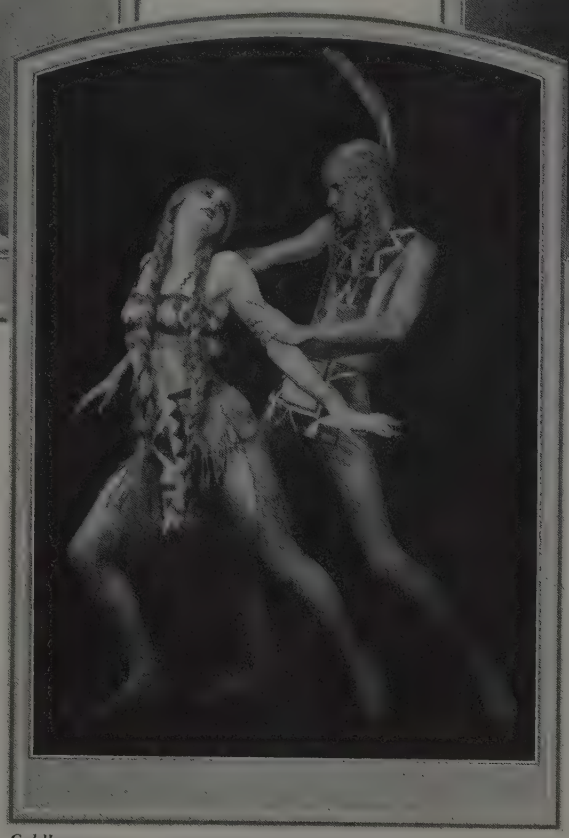
Muray

Helene Denizon glided her way in Oriental style from the Fokine Ballet to Gilda Gray's more sensational *Petite Revue*

Muriel Stryker and Bland O'Connell, in an Indian dance fantsy, show how Hiawatha might have wooed his bride

Nishiyama

Nellie Thordis Savage has carried the fire and vividness of her art to the silver sheet to grace the production of *The Swan*



Goldberg

Muray

Charlotte Mahuron, gifted and lovely dancer, in a graceful attitude suggesting the chiseled beauty of a wood nymph on an ancient Greek frieze

Margarete Petit, as a masked Bacchante, has a litheness of figure and an exultation of mood perfectly adapted to the wild, fleet, joyous dancing of the wine god's disciple

Muray

MOODS IN THE DANCE

Variety of Emotions Expressed in Manner Oriental, Indian and Greek

If I Were You——

A Dialogue Between Eugene O'Neill and Owen Davis—Overheard in the Imagination

By PERCEVAL RENIERS

WHEN the new plays furnish nothing much to think about of a winter evening and a whole week has passed without a play from Ferenc Molnar, the most rewarding pastime I know is to set two men of the theatre talking—for the mind's ear. Interviewing is a pale substitute for it. You overhear things that no amount of eavesdropping in the Astor lobby will bring to your ears.

The other evening, Owen Davis and Eugene O'Neill got talking in this way. As they happen to be our only practitioners in New England plays at the present time, their conversation was illuminating. They met in front of the theatre where *Desire Under the Elms* was playing. Since the play has become peregrinative (a characteristic common to all of O'Neill's plays) I don't remember the name of the theatre. At any rate, it was after the show.

Owen Davis and Eugene O'Neill, expert play practitioners, defend their respective interpretations of New England life

MR. DAVIS: Well! Glad I ran into you! I've just seen your play. Not my style, perhaps, but mighty interesting stuff. Who would have thought it?

MR. O'NEILL: Thought what—that it would be mighty interesting stuff?

MR. DAVIS: Not at all. Who would have thought that you and I would meet on the common ground of New England? I've been playing with the New England temperament for several years now—in *Icebound* and *Dreams For Sale* and *Lazybones*, thinking about it a good deal before that and living with it before that. I get a good kick out of another playwright's point of view on it—your point of view especially. Of course, two men may be working in the same field and not be on common ground at all—artistically speaking. Perhaps you don't think we are. Maybe, like most people, you can't forget that I am the author of *Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model* and *The Queen of the Opium Ring* and—well about a hundred and fifty others.

MR. O'NEILL: Oh, that's easy enough to forget. I don't seem to remember many pleasant things about my characters, but I do about my fellow playwrights. I like to remember you as the man who did a quick-change act, when you took on serious purpose as a dramatist in *The Detour*, and followed up with *Icebound*—not the way I would have written it, but mighty interesting stuff, as you say. I suppose that serious purpose in twisting the tail of New England puts us on common ground. And then, we have both been awarded the Pulitzer prize—two thousand dollars' worth of common ground!

MR. DAVIS: There! I knew you could be humorous if you wanted to. Everyone has been saying that you have no humor but that was one of the funniest lines in *Desire Under the Elms* I have ever heard. I mean the line where Ephraim Cabot is telling his new wife about the death of the old one and says, "It wasn't so lonesome after she died." I'd like to have written that line!

MR. O'NEILL: Good heavens! I'll have to change it. I didn't write that for a laugh. I don't do it and if I ever did—God forgive me—I think I would have reformed after one of yours in *Icebound*. You remember where that skinflint Henry is talking about his mother dying younger than the rest of the family. "All our folks was long lived," he says. "Nothing lasts like it used to." Mr. Davis! Rather than force one of my characters to say something to get a laugh I would force him not to.

MR. DAVIS: Well, frankly now, between friends, isn't that exactly what you do? You won't let your people say amusing things even when they want to. You throttle them. In fact, I think you get away with murder.

MR. O'NEILL: Not always. At least two-fifths of my characters die of natural causes.

MR. DAVIS: There you are! That shows you let them do some things of their own accord before you kill them off. Why don't you turn your back once in a while and let them be amusing? It's their right as people. And it isn't only their funny speeches—it's the lighter, kindlier side of their characters that you deprive them of. Take the case of the New England temperament we've both been wrestling with, the men and women who have been brought up in a hard school, narrow, selfish, bigoted, puritanical, full of hypocrisy and a bitter aversion to anything beautiful. All that suits your purposes very well. You want to show them up for the tight-lipped, ingrown, festering souls they are. When they take on the stoney, spiteful qualities of their miserable land, you are delighted. When they work their sons to death, or get drunk, or commit adultery in the shadow of one of those slender church spires of New England, you throw your hat in the air and invite all of us into the farmyard to see them do it. And, I will say that as a showman of their worst side, you are a wonder. That scene where Ephraim is telling his young wife his hard philosophy of life, and his son is on the other side of the partition groaning with illicit desire for her—well, that gets you. But what about their other qualities?

MR. O'NEILL: What other qualities?

MR. DAVIS: What! Don't tell me you have written a whole play about New England without knowing that they had others! For they have—I was born and raised in Maine and I know. The qualities that make them rounded human beings, the bits of dreams and hopes we all have in common, amusing habits or weaknesses that make us recognize the people up on the stage as human beings. Yes indeed. New Englanders have them. Take that skinflint Henry in *Icebound*. If I had drawn him as merely cantankerous and mean, I would have had far less trouble—but he would have been a slab-sided character. So I gave him his little generosities, grudging, tight-fisted generosities, and they characterized him all the more because he thought them munificent. That makes us laugh at him, and if we can laugh at people, we can understand them. Without laughter we're malicious. It's only through laughter that we can destroy evil without malice. That isn't original with me. I think I got it from Shaw.

MR. O'NEILL: Say! Wait a minute! All this stuff about my not having any curative laughter in my plays is getting on my nerves. Don't you think it's funny that Eben should steal his old man's money to let his two older brothers run away?

(*Continued on page* 56)

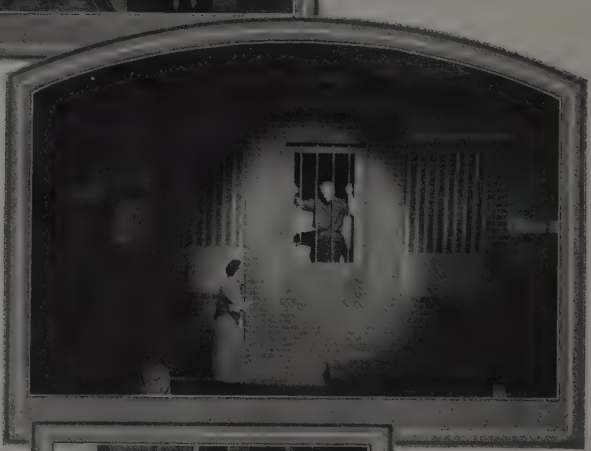
Maurice Goldberg

THE EVER POPULAR ASTAIRES

Impish Sister Adele and Nimble Brother Fred Whose Droll Dancing and Piquant Humor are the Star Features of "Lady Be Good"

Sadie Cohen (*June Walker*) plays the trombone for the striking miners as they parade through the town

Jake Psinski, the radical soap-box orator (*Charles Halton*), stirs the discontented strikers to action



Dynamite Jim (*George Abbott*), arrested for killing a soldier, is put in jail, where his mother (*Blanche Frederici*) comes to see him

Boob, the newsboy (*Ben Grauer*), finds Sadie (*June Walker*) a pretty nifty Jane

Photos Bruguière

The mother of Dynamite Jim confesses to her son that she has sinned, and he repels her with a curse

Dynamite Jim is ready to undo the wrong he did Sadie, and a jazz wedding under the trees is the result

THEATRE GUILD PRESENTS "PROCESSIONAL"—A JAZZ DRAMA

Extraordinary Theatrical Production Described as a Symphony of American Life

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

The Dove

Melodrama in three acts by Willard Mack, based upon a story by Gerald Beaumont. Produced by David Belasco at the Empire Theatre February 11, with this cast:

Mike Morowich, Sidney Toler; Madame Doublechin, Josephine Deffrey; Don José, Holbrook Blinn; Johnny Powell, William Harrigan; Madge, Ruth Dayton; Little Bill, William Norris; Dolores Romero, Judith Anderson; Flora Ray, Rachel Hunter; Annabell Flores, Julia McCabe; John Boise, Wilson Reynolds; Maybelle, Beatrice Banyard; Anita, Betty Brenska; Pancho Gonzales, John Harrington; Juanita, Dorothy Day; Captain of Police, F. du Chaillu-Dalton.

CAYENNE-PEPPERED, red-corpuscled Mexican melodrama of the genuine pre-war brand, with gun-toting gamblers, firing squads, a singing girl, a rich, not-to-be-denied *caballero,* and guitars twanging lazily in the moonlight—that is *The Dove,* a tense, colorful play by Willard Mack, done at the Empire with all the picturesqueness, atmosphere and attention to detail for which David Belasco is famous.

The piece makes no pretense to be other than it is, a rattling, bright-colored, old-style melodrama. To those who like to think in the theatre it will make no appeal, but playgoers who enjoy a thrill as well as an interesting story will find it just to their taste. At any rate, it's clean and comes as a welcome variant from the surfeit of degenerate crooks and regenerate harlots that of late have constituted well-nigh our sole theatrical fare.

In the gay cabaret of the little town of Mexicana a feast is spread. Don José Maria Lopez y Tostado, the local oil magnate, is entertaining his lady friends. The girls adore him, for is he not fabulously rich, selling 7,000 barrels of oil a day? A strutting, swaggering Mexican with pallid, sensual face and dapper, well-dressed figure, Don José opens champagne without counting and throws diamond rings at his favorite dancers. Why not? The world can deny him nothing. Is he not Don José y Tostado, the richest man in Mexico? Suddenly the noisy orgy is hushed. A girl entertainer enters, singing divinely as she touches her guitar. Don José is transfixed. Never has he seen such loveliness, such a figure. The beast is aroused. The other girls are forgotten. His wealth shall buy him this new girl as it has given him everything else he wanted. But Dolores, the singing girl, laughs at him. She declines an invitation to visit the magnate's *hacienda* and arouses his fury by admitting she has fallen in love with the young *Americano,* Johnny Powell, who runs a dice-table in the gaming-house across the street.

The scene in the gaming-house—a vividly realistic representation of the actual thing—is the *pièce de résistance* of the play. How Don José, determined not to be thwarted in his desire, arranges a frame-up whereby Johnny Powell, in self-defense, shoots a drunken gambler and is taken to prison on the charge of murder; how Dolores, panic-stricken, appeals to the wily Mexican magnate to save her sweetheart and is told cynically there is only one way; how she finally consents to sacrifice herself so her *Americano* can go free; how Johnny, liberated, instead of seeking safety across the border, follows her and Don José, is again arrested and turned over to a firing squad, only to be saved from death at the last minute by Don José himself, whose heart is softened by Dolores' passionate pleading—this is the stuff of which stirring drama is made.

Mr. Blinn, a sterling and favorite actor, has shown us on another occasion the quality of his Mexican bad men. If his present characterization may be said to be largely indebted to his former rôle, it is also true that it is a more elaborate and more carefully finished study, a fine performance in every detail—virile, picturesque, authoritative.

Of Judith Anderson's splendid performance as Dolores, what can be said more than that it merely confirms what one sensed when seeing her in *Cobra,* that in this talented, versatile young actress the American stage will one day possess an emotional artiste of the very first rank. More even than in *Cobra,* her present rôle, affording as it does greater opportunity, reveals power hitherto unsuspected, a richness of voice, command of technique, wealth of pose and posture, grace of bearing, intelligence and personal charm that render her future career one of extraordinary promise.

William Harrigan made a clean-cut and sympathetic Johnny Powell, and William Norris, a stage veteran, pleased as little Billie, the old-time jockey turned faro dealer.

Sidney Toler was effective as Mike Morovich, the gaming-house proprietor, and F. du Chaillu-Dalton contributed a bit of realistic characterization as the captain of military police.

The settings by Joseph Wickes are on the satisfying, lavish scale one is accustomed to expect in a Belasco production.

The Red Light Theatre

The Japanese, alone among the civilized nations, handle the vice problem intelligently. Instead of permitting disorderly houses to be scattered all over town, carrying on their loathsome traffic, segregation is made mandatory. Commercialized lechery is restricted to one district, so that respectable neighborhoods may be kept from contamination.

To avoid Censorship, why not apply the system to our theatre? Segregate the lascivious, degrading, foul language play. Set apart certain theatres for the exclusive exploitation of unclean drama, each of said theatres to be marked outside by a red light conspicuously displayed. In this way ticket purchasers will be warned in time of the sort of entertainment they may expect to find in such establishments and a sense of shame, if nothing else, will deter playgoers from patronizing them.

ARTHUR HORNBLOW

The Dark Angel

Play in prologue and three acts by H. B. Trevelyan. Produced by Robert Milton at the Longacre Theatre on February 10, with the following cast:

Kitty Fahnestock, Patricia Collinge; Hilary Trent, Reginald Mason; Roma, Florence Edney; Sir Evelyn Fahnestock, Stanley Logan; Gerald Shannon, John Williams; Lord Francis Beaumont, Claud Allister; "Vi" Beaumont, Auriol Lee; Madge Wilmerding, Elsie Mackaye; Winnie Mitcham, Joan MacLean; Tom Trowbridge, Barry O'Neill; Jowett, J. H. Brewer; Miss Smallwood, Molly Pearson.

THE authorship of *The Dark Angel* is attributed on the program to "H. B. Trevelyan," a pseudonymity said to veil Michael Arlen, London's new literary light, who is thus venturing into a new field of expression. To me it seems as if his caution were justified. Whatever may be his standing as a poet, novelist or essayist, it is certain that he has much to learn in play construction.

There was a certain era in the Victorian period where pieces of this kind and type occupied a considerable place. They contain large quotas of the aristocracy who fill in gaps by spilling verbal quips and social repartee pending the approach of a denunciation or a confession. It is a confession in this case.

For Kitty Fahnestock, on the eve of her fiancé's departure for the front—there was no time for a wedding—spends the night with him at the Vinery, an inn adjacent to her ancestral home. If that were not enough, the hero, to prove his immaculate innocence, registers as Mr. and Mrs. under his own name. Her husband, "in the eyes of Heaven," is reported killed and an earnest young man wishes to marry her. He still wishes to take her as his wife, although forced by alcoholic chatter—the register was inspected—she acknowledges her semi-falsified escapade at the inn. Then it turns out the hero was not killed, but only blinded, and is living in a secluded English village under another name, dictating boys' books. His pseudo-wife seeks him out. He pretends he can see, and for the time deceives her, as he wouldn't impose his infirmity upon her. But she discovers his ruse and wants him—eyes or no eyes—but he reasons with her that as she loves the other she should accept the dictates of her heart and marry the latest. She is converted to his argument and, groping to a bas-relief of her, he traces her features with his fingers and sits down at a piano and pieces out *Madelon,* aided and abetted by an insinuating typist. Our sincere hope is the typist doesn't snare him.

That the piece has caught on and is playing to crowded houses does not surprise me. It has strong heart interest and constant suspense, both telling factors in a play's success. The ending, I feel, would have been truer to life and more satisfying to the audience if the tragic, pathetic touch of the blinded Hilary, being left

to live out his life alone, had been avoided. It is bad theatre because it quite unnecessarily besmirches the heroine. A girl of her fine type would not be likely to desert a husband in his hour of need, no matter how ready he was to sacrifice himself so she might be happy with another man. Do lovers willing to make such sacrifices exist—outside of the movies?

Patricia Collinge as Kitty is simple, pretty and sincere. Reginald Mason, so long associated with semi-silly asses, is somewhat mature for the military hero, but plays the part with nice distinction and genuine feeling in the final act.

Claud Allister was atrocious as Lord Francis. British aristocrats are often rotters, but so far as known they have never yet committed the crime of saying "ain't" when they meant "aren't."

Incidental to the action was a retired heavyweight fighter, played with a nice discriminating sense of character by Barry O'Neill.

The Love Song

Operetta in three acts. Music by Ferago, Nador, Klein and Bretschneider. Lyrics by Harry B. Smith. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Century Theatre January 13, with the following cast:

Pierre, Cooper Lawley; Lizette, Zella Russell; Herminie, Evelyn Herbert; Petipas, Harry K. Morton; Hortense, Odette Myrtil; Offenbach, Allan Prior; Bourbon, William St. James; Colonel Bugeaud, John Dunsmure; Eugénie De Montijo, Dorothy Francis; Countess De Montijo, Eda Von Bulow; Gypsy Girl, Zola Talma; Spanish Dancer, Isabelle Rodriguez; The Duke De Persigny, John Moore; Prosper Mérimée, Harry Glover; Victorian Sardou, J. W. Hull; Napoleon III, Harrison Brockbank; Countess Castiglione, Grace Carlyle; Lackey, Walter Kelly; Duroc, James Alderman; Babette, Edna Starck; Margot, Camille Robenette; Mme. De Marsac, Vivian Marlowe; Mlle. Marceau, Vera Hoppe; Jacques d'Alcain, Charles Walters.

THIS is operetta year for the Shuberts, and thus, fortunately, for New York. Having launched *The Student Prince* most successfully, they offer another dazzling operetta, this time *The Love Song,* a Second Empire production, based on Offenbach's life and music. It is lavishly done, of great scenic splendor and gorgeous costuming. The music is of the romantic, haunting variety and the principals who interpret it are endowed with fine and resonant voices. The chorus, as in *The Student Prince,* is made up of excellent voices. From all of which you may gather that this new Shubert musical play is almost one hundred per cent. perfect.

Offenbach's music is selected and arranged by Edward Kunneke, who adds some of his own compositions to the score. There are two hundred and fifty persons in the cast ensemble and a lovely ballet by Alexis Kosloff. The dancers in their blonde wigs and pale pink fluffs of skirts look like animated blobs of French pastry, sweet enough to eat.

The romantic story of the operetta is wistful and a bit sad. It centers about the love affair of Offenbach, the composer, and Empress Eugénie, and it affords many regal settings, such as the one in the second act—the ballroom of the Tuileries. The handsome and brilliant court gowns of the Second Empire, the luxurious purple and mauve draperies of the palace, the glittering diadems and court jewels, and all the other paraphernalia, make a scene which resembles a huge and animated painting.

The burden of the singing falls upon Dorothy Francis in the rôle of the Empress Eugénie, Allan Prior as the composer Offenbach, Evelyn Herbert as one of the women who succumb to the charm of his music and Odette Myrtil as the roguish and volatile peasant girl, who later becomes Queen of the Bouffes Parisiennes. All of them have good voices, something which the Shuberts seem to be insisting upon in their stunning operettas, and which undoubtedly is what contributes to their success. The music of the Barcarolle from *The Tales of Hoffmann* is played during the last act, which is more poignantly sad than the two charming acts which went before.

The Love Song is, assuredly, one of the finest musical and dramatic plays in town and a distinct loss to those who miss seeing it.

She Had to Know

Comedy in three acts by Paul Geraldy. Adapted by Grace George. Produced by W. A. Brady at the Times Square Theatre on February 2, with this cast:

Gerry, Grace George; Philip, Bruce McRae; Steven, Frederick Worlock; Jack, H. Tyrrell Davis; Beaugard, Edward H. Wever; Kitty, Charlotte Ives; Louise, Anita Damrosch; Catherine, Barbara Kitson.

THERE is not sufficient substance to this mild little comedy to justify stretching it into an evening's entertainment. Miss George adapted it from *Si Je Voulais,* by Paul Geraldy, the French dramatist, whose other piece, *Aimer* (*To Love*), served the star for a vehicle the season of 1922.

This new comedy is about a woman, serenely married for twelve years, who is suddenly seized with a desire to know whether she still has an appeal for men. Her stodgy husband sleepily refuses to answer the simple question she puts to him one night, and so she determines to find out from a male house-guest or her callow young cousin. She goes about her investigations in such a prissy, prudent fashion, with such a manner of I-am-a-virtuous-married-woman-don't-dare-to-take-advantage-of-me, that her pseudo-philandering palls. This comedy by Geraldy is said to have had a long run in Paris, but, undoubtedly, the French version was more naughtily rollicking, with many sly innuendoes and sharp witticisms. The American concoction was just dull. There is something extremely boring about probing the psychology of a tame domestic pair who have been happily married for twelve years. Not a quarrel or a *liaison* to add fillip to their matrimonial state. Their mutual revelations are without color. Simply stodgy.

The ever-charming Grace George has a sweet and womanly rôle, but her virtues are too blatant, too stressed, too almost supernatural. But she plays the rôle convincingly and flawlessly throughout.

Bruce McRae draws with expert touch the picture of a contented married man whose understanding of feminine psychology is at the lowest ebb.

The Depths

Play in three acts by Hans Mueller. Produced by Arch Selwyn and Adolph Klauber at the Broadhurst Theatre January 27, with this cast:

A Lawyer, Gordon Burby; The Housekeeper, Jessie Ralph; Ilonka, Marion Evensen; Gusti, Edith Van Cleve; Anna, Jane Cowl; Herbert, Vernon Kelso; Karl, Rollo Peters; Karl's Mother, Jennie Eustace; A Passer-by, Charles Brokaw.

SINCE sitting through this play my understanding of Vienna has undergone a radical change. According to this sentimental melodrama by Hans Mueller, its prostitutes are demure and unsophisticated. They burble on like flappers about their male acquaintances, referring to their "lovely brown hair" and their "cleverness." In other parts of the world it is generally conceded that women who sell their bodies do not hold tender illusions about men. Again, the mothers of Vienna are odd creatures. Victorian though they may be, they magnanimously set aside a few rooms in their homes for their sons' loose women. Strange Continental ethics these!

A deceptive program note, a quotation from Havelock Ellis, would have the audience believe that this play is to be replete with profound Freudian revelations. The truth is it is cheaply sentimental and devoid of any real substance. Its theme is the old and threadbare sociological one—the same, in fact, as in *Ladies of the Evening:* Can a fallen woman ever achieve redemption and hold a respectful and respected place in the world and the home?

The keynote is struck in the opening scene, a street-walker's blowsy lodging-house room. A customer enters. Also a couple of tough Sadie Thompsons stroll in. Immediately the audience knows that here is another batch of sisters, "frail and soiled," only these midnight strollers are Viennese. Don't they tell you so in good American slang? There enters the principal prostitute, unbelievably pure in manner and appearance. There follows a conglomerate assortment of piffle. Anna has fallen in love. She met her young composer in a church, she explains—of all places—as she sat and wept over the beauty of a hymn. They play in the park, and she holds a couple of babies in her lap. She exhibits a favorite picture of hers, Raphael's Madonna and Child. She puts spring flowers in a vase, and cakes on plates, and tells the blowsiest of her girl playmates that the young composer is going to call. He thinks she is an honest working girl. With the place reeking of prostitution, this proves how naïve and childlike is this particular woman of the streets. The infantile composer arrives, with a sophisticated friend, who sits down on a sea-green silk nightie and knows the truth at once! Soon an impetuous "client" arrives for Anna, the madam of the house enters, and the jig is up. The innocent composer flees, and Anna makes her first heart-breaking fall to the floor, moaning and calling upon the Mother of God to sustain her. The lad returns, takes Anna to his home, and the way this gutter-woman conducts herself in her wholesome surroundings makes up the remainder of this buncombe, over which a crocodile would refuse to weep.

It is prostitution of talent and the dramatic art to be mixed up with such tawdry material. The astounding fact is that Jane Cowl would stoop to appear in it. She is not always convincing in her unconvincing rôle, but some of her work is well done. She is well supported by Rollo Peters as the young composer, Marion Evensen as a kind-hearted harlot, Edith Van Cleve as a ratty little rounder, Jennie Eustace as a ponderous but compassionate mother, and Vernon Kelso as a cynical philosopher.

Goldberg

ROBERT ARMSTRONG AND JAMES GLEASON

Who, as the Knock-Out Comedians in "Is Zat So," Furnish the Most Hilarious Gaiety of the Present Season

Puzzles of 1925

Revue in two acts by Elsie Janis. Produced by Charles Dillingham at the Fulton Theatre on February 2 last, with the following principals:

Elsie Janis, Jimmy Hussey, Dorothy Appelby, Lester Crawford, Helen Broderick, Edward Hickey, Cyril Ritchard, Irma and Dorothy Irving, Shirley Vernon, Helen McDonald, Eileen Seymour, Cortez and Peggy, Georgie Hale, Walter Pidgeon, O'Donnell, Blair.

THE gifts of Elsie Janis have long been recognized. The charm that was hers when she first began to shine at the age of sixteen seems to continue undimmed. She has as much appeal as any actress who speaks the English language, plus a gift of interpretation developed to the point of virtuosity.

In this new *mélange,* which she has contrived under the caption of *Puzzles of 1925,* she makes no pretense of giving the whole show, but her personal contributions remain the high lights of the evening. If it were only for the privilege of seeing and hearing her interpretation of a gorgeously gowned French *tragédienne* who endeavors to express in broken English her appreciation of American jazz, and then render into idiomatic and perfect French her own vocal version of it, the audience would be fully repaid. Miss Janis' French, through study and association, has become masterly. She is Parisienne to her finger-tips in this scene—but then she becomes everything else to her finger-tips in the half-dozen impersonations she delivers in the course of the evening.

Her present vehicle is no better or worse than the dozens of others that masquerade as reviews in the *curriculum* of the present-day theatre. Some of its sketches are timely and diverting, and there is a display of great brilliancy on the part of a brass band calling itself "The Commanders," which reveals a dozen members who not only rend the air tumultuously with a cacophony of wind-instruments, but gyrate, contort, warble, howl and caper fantastically for good measure. The audience is thus being made to feel that it is getting its money's worth. Some day Miss Janis will be seized with an ambition to array her gifts in a more coherent exhibit, and then we shall even more fully realize what a stunning artist we have the privilege of calling our own. In the meanwhile *Puzzles of 1925* is crowding the Fulton Theatre.

The Undercurrent

Play in three acts by William H. McMasters. Produced by Barrie, Inc., at the Cort Theatre February 3, with the following cast:

Helen Mills, Lee Patrick; Manley Bryce, Lyons Wickland; Mrs. Mills, Elsie Esmond; Doctor Blair, Grant Stewart; Jason Mills, Harry Beresford; Benson, Frank Hubert; Spaulding, Walter Soderling; Tom Flanagan, Frank Shannon; Jock McNaughton, Victor Beecroft; Edith Spaulding, Alison Bradshaw.

THIS is one of those hopeless, nondescript plays that every now and again blow into town from the edge of Beyond, and, proving utterly trite and without substance, fail to make the slightest impression save that of wonder that so experienced an actor as Harry Beresford should waste his time and talent on it.

The piece starts out with a fairly good idea—the regeneration of a merciless, hard-boiled business man—but the situations are old and the sentiment mawkish. A new twist in an oft-told tale was hoped for, but none came. Utter boredom the result.

Jason Mills, millionaire mine owner, is on the verge of a nervous breakdown. At home under the doctor's care, forbidden to go to his office, he bullies his wife and his butler, storms at his daughter and makes a general nuisance of himself. When the delegates of his striking miners come to plead for an advance in wages, he defies them to do their worst. The situation becomes impossible, but happily a Fifth Avenue bus brings relief. Run over on the street, Mr. Mills is carried into his house, and there on the sofa has a terrific nightmare—visible to the audience—that cures him forever of his grouch. From this point on the proceedings become too childish for serious comment.

Harry Beresford is one of Broadway's favorites. Theatregoers have not yet forgotten his Old Soak. But he could do nothing with such thin material.

The Rat

Play in three acts by David Lestrange. Produced by Earl Carroll at the Colonial Theatre on February 10, with the following cast:

Zelie de Chaumet, Teddy Gerard; Therese, Helen Sinnott; Madeleine Sornay, Dana Desboro; Baron Stetz, C. H. Croker-King; Detective Caillard, Jack Motte; Paul, Wallace McCutcheon; Franco, Cyrus Staehle; Barras, C. Barry Kenton; Mme. Colline, Florence Gerald; Pierre Boucheron, "The Rat," Horace Braham; Odile, Katherine Revner.

THIS incredibly crude drama of Paris Apache life by "David Lestrange," said to be a pseudonym concealing the identities of two well-known players, Ivor Novello and Constance Collier, is one of London's big successes and ran for months. Why it should have lasted more than a week I cannot imagine, for anything more amateurish and childish could hardly be conceived.

Briefly, the plot deals with the infatuation of an Apache called "The Rat" for Zelie de Chaumet, a fashionable *demi-mondaine,* whom he first encounters during a slumming party personally conducted by the wicked Baron Stetz. "The Rat" is timidly adored by the chaste Odile, a delicate flower who has blossomed spotless amid the sewage of Parisian underground life. Immediately the baron sets eyes on this immaculate maiden, his lechery is aroused. The Apache, momentarily dazzled by the artificial splendor of Zelie, returns to knife him and Odile, when the police burst in, takes the blame for the killing. In the last act she is acquitted, and "The Rat" is thus redeemed by a pure love.

Horace Braham's Apache came about as close to the real thing as a domestic tabby does to the untamed tiger-cat. An amateurish, colorless performance, with atmosphere no more French than that suggested by the clothes. Teddy Gerard is said to have had success in London shows of the Gaby Deslys type, but no one would suspect it from anything she did as Zelie. The Baron of C. H. Croker-King was bad enough to flavor of burlesque, and the detective of Jack Motte so amateurish that at times one felt like requesting the ushers to apply the hook.

The Rat may please London. There is no gauging the taste or the patience of English playgoers. Certainly the piece seems hopeless as far as our audiences are concerned.

Is Zat So?

Comedy in three acts by James Gleason and Richard Taber. Produced by Earle Boothe at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre January 5, with this cast:

Eddie "Chick" Cowan, Robert Armstrong; A. B. "Hap" Hurley, James Gleason; C. Clinton Blackburn, Sydney Riggs; Susan Blackburn Parker, Marie Chambers; Major Fitz-Stanley, Victor Morley; Florence Hanley, Jo Wallace; Robert Parker, John C. King; Marie Mestretti, Marjorie Crossland; Master Parker, Tom Brown; Grace Hobart, Eleanor Parker; Fred Hobart, Duncan Penwarden; John Duffy, Jack Perry; "Angie" Van Alsten, Carola Parson; Smith, William London.

THIS amusing comedy, one of Broadway's substantial successes, is unique in that its entire burden of constant, unflagging humor is carried on the shoulders of two performers—James Gleason, who helped write the play and acts the principal rôle, and Robert Armstrong, whose "Chick" Cowan, the heavy-weight champion, is as mirth-compelling a characterization as the local stage has seen in many a long day.

"Hap" Hurley, the prize-fighter's manager, always scolding and bullying his ferocious ward, yet full of fatherly affection for him, is another delightful creation and, as played by Mr. Gleason, excruciatingly funny. To listen to his slang of the sawdust ring alone is worth the price of admission. At the start of the play we see the pair sitting disconsolate on a park bench. They are down and out, thanks to Chick's weakness for "skirts," which caused him to lose his last match. "Hap" is dead sore on his pardner, and the men's bickering keeps the audience in gales of merriment. How the two meet a bibulous swell, who makes them respectively butler and second man in his fashionable Fifth Avenue home, this naturally causing them to be involved in all sort of amusing situations, constitutes the action of this genuinely funny comedy which no one who loves a good laugh should miss.

Episode

Comedy drama in three acts by Gilbert Emery. Produced by Lee Shubert at the Bijou Theatre February 3, with the following cast:

Filkin, Edmund Norris; Elise, Eva Ward; Evelyn Ryesdale, Kathlene MacDonell; Herbert Ballinger, Gilbert Emery; Arnold Ryesdale, William Courtleigh; Alfred Leadbeater, Eugene Powers.

TOO many sophistries and not enough genuine dramatic material—that is the main trouble with this new play by Gilbert Emery, author of *Tarnish* and *The Hero.* The episode occurs in the lives of three people, a man, his wife and his best male friend, the inevitable triangle. The tarnished individual is the woman. The first part of the play is marked by rather irritating suspense, which, though well sustained, is futile.

Kathlene MacDonell, as the flippant wife, who takes her adulteries facetiously, is not convincing in the rôle. In her big scene in the third act she reads her lines as though coached by the author, Gilbert Emery, who, ill at ease as usual, sits beside her in the rôle of paramour. His lines are puctuated by a good many manly "By God, I'll stand by the woman!"

William Courtleigh, as the outraged husband, draws well the picture of a suspicious husband whose anger mounts with growing evidence against his faithless wife. His scene with the suave jeweler, well acted by Eugene Powers, is excellent. But most of the time Mr. Courtleigh steps out of character and acts more like a petulant child than an irate man. This is probably due, however, to the inanity under the circumstances of the lines given him by the author.

JANE COWL

Swings wide the pendulum of her art, striking at both ends a note of human ecstasy and suffering. From the shining heights of Juliet, the symbol of all that is beautiful and ideal in young love, Miss Cowl recently stepped into the sordid realism of *The Depths* to portray a woman, soiled and beaten by ugly circumstance

Lewis Smith

The Poignant Women of Pauline Lord

Actress Would Like to Act a Murderess, but Prefers Rôles That Awaken Human Sympathy and Understanding

By ALICE ROHE

A VOICE rose from a group that was discussing Pauline Lord's superb performance in *They Knew What They Wanted.*

Her ambition is to play sweet and lovely heroines——

"Oh!" I interrupted, "don't tell us she's going to do Juliet or——"

"That's life," broke in a third. "No one is satisfied with the things they do best."

"But," I protested, "maybe she'd do the other things best, and that would be the tragedy! Who would ever do the things she does best now?"

So I set forth for Miss Lord's apartment to investigate the ominous rumor.

The result was rather reassuring. Stripped of its infinite psycho-analytical nuances, the answer is: "Yes and No." Expert lawyers for the defense and the prosecution could each take the facts and make an equally good case out of them. It isn't true that Miss Lord aims to desert rôles like Anna Christie and Amy, through which she has contributed memorable portraits to the stage.

It is true that Miss Lord wants to do other things—but let her speak in her own defense:

"I'd rather do what people think I can't do!" she said. "What a glow of satisfaction there would be in proving that one isn't altogether limited by the preconceived notions of others."

"But isn't there a glow of satisfaction in living up to preconceived notions?"

"Of course. It is wonderful. For I never am sure of myself when I try a new part. The glow is there, but it leaves one so quickly. I'll admit it lasted longer from the kind things said about my work in *They Knew What They Wanted.* It glowed particularly because when I stepped on the stage of the Garrick the first night I was really afraid I wouldn't get over all that I felt so deeply about Amy."

IF Pauline Lord recognizes that this hesitancy is one of the sure signs of genius, it gives her no apparent satisfaction. In listening to her reticent declaration of purpose, you realize more and more that only mediocrity is aggressively self-assertive and cocksure. The sincerity of Pauline Lord's work in *Anna Christie* and more recently as Amy is easily understood after a few minutes' conversation. There is that same hesitant quality before Art and its discussion that gives the unmistakable touch of realism to her stage characterization. For life itself is so hazily defined at times. "They say a real genius is one who is able to glimpse all sides of a question," I commented.

"Yes, but there has to be a defining line somewhere, otherwise this all-seeingness becomes vacillation."

It is just that deft stroke of ultimate sureness that makes Pauline Lord's work an inimitable thing. This quality which distinguishes her work—a psychological chiaroscuro—is the same which differentiates a Rembrandt from a Carlo Dolce.

"The parts I would rather have played I never have played. I had no opportunity," she was saying. There was a wistful note in her voice, but it did not still my brutal insistence upon learning her future goals. "Once I was awfully ambitious—but, mind you, I'm not any more—to play *Magda, Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *The Wild Duck*——"

Muray

PAULINE LORD

Realistic impersonator of blemished heroines yearns for a different type of rôle

"But surely you consider Anna Christie as great——"

"Of course," she broke in, "but these others are straight parts. Anna Christie and Amy are types."

"Still your opportunities are just as great," I persisted. "From the standpoint of Art, isn't it worth while to do a certain thing better than anyone else?"

"Benvenuto Cellini made more beautiful salt-cellars than anyone else, but that didn't mean he devoted his whole artistic life to making salt-cellars," replied Miss Lord, smiling. "The point I'm trying to make is this: You yourself have perhaps unconsciously suggested that I am associated with one kind of part. The first thing I ever did in New York to gain recognition was a girl who did not possess a wholly conventional and unblemished past. There was that haunting tragedy that shadowed her life. I made good in that rôle, and as a result that's the only sort of rôle they can ever see me in."

"Then, to get down to plain facts, you are really objecting to the type fetish before which so many American managers worship."

"I don't object to the type idea if it doesn't go too far," she replied. "But it doesn't seem fair from the actor's point of view—that is, from the progressive point of view. European actors have a far better chance at development than American. They are not permitted to fall in a standardized mould as type actors. They must play and understand all kinds of rôles before they are qualified as artists. Even in America ten years ago an actress had a broader field. Now I'd be afraid to do Ibsen, for example, because so many do it."

"YES, but perhaps in Eugene O'Neill you have as great a chance for creative work——"

"I agree to that, and so far as Anna Christie is concerned, it was so obviously a great play that I couldn't help 'getting it over.' I'm most appreciative of the chance to play rôles by American playwrights. There's a double satisfaction."

"And you really haven't any suppressed desire to play a sweet young thing——"

"Of course not," replied Miss Lord, losing for the moment the quality of voice which makes me think instinctively of King Lear's encomium of the female vocal apparatus: "Her voice was soft and low, an excellent thing in woman."

"Surely the rôles I named—Magda and Tess—weren't sweet young things. They were straight rôles that really broadened human understanding, like Anna Christie and Amy."

"Do you feel," I asked, "that in portraying women who have suffered through straying from the conventional moral road you lessen man's inhumanity to woman?"

"That question touches the very reason for my feeling a lack of fulfilment in my work. I have no ambition to concentrate my life to the social regeneration, the moral uplift, dramatically speaking, of ladies with one special brand of sin. There are so many other kinds; and dramatic possibilities are just as great. Sometimes I feel that I could just revel in being a first-class murderess—on the stage—or a shoplifter or a kidnapper. Of course, I feel that rôles like Amy, who was a good girl, with the exception of her one unfortunate misstep, and Anna Christie, give people a deeper and broader sympathy. Any rôle that broadens human sympathy and understanding, that breaks down the harsh barriers of unthinking condemnation, has not been played in vain."

"Generally, speaking, don't you think that women, especially, are more interested in feminine characters who have, as it were, loved not wisely but too well? As a mat-

(*Continued on page* 58)

Dorothy Stone, of the twinkling feet, and Elsie Janis, of the twinkling smile, illumine the Boardwalk at Atlantic City

© *Atlantic Foto*

Peggy Wood and John Weaver in their bungalow on the California coast, studying the script of a new play which Miss Wood will bring shortly to New York

John Howard Lawson, whose jazz drama, *Processional*, caused as much comment as did his *Roger Bloomer*

Muray

Members of the *Madame Pompadour* company at the magnificent piano, around which the Martin Beck Theatre was built. This instrument, which was designed for royalty, is one of the gorgeous decorative features of the beautiful foyer

De Mirjian

Naae Kondo, the only Chinese chorus girl in New York, adds a piquant touch to the beauty-ranks of *Big Boy*

THE PASSING SHOW

Pictorial Comment on Interesting Personalities and Innovations in the Theatre World

Mirrors of Stageland

Intimate Glimpses Into the Character and Personality of Broadway's Famous Figures

By THE LADY WITH THE LORGNETTE

XLV—WILLIAM A. BRADY

YOU mean that man who is talking violently at the rear of the theatre?

The smooth-faced one, of blonde effect? You ask why they don't put him out for raising a disturbance. Sh! They can't, my child, for two very good reasons. One is that it is his own theatre. The other is that that, for William A. Brady, isn't a disturbance. To his accustomed ears, it is a gentle discussion.

"Bill" Brady has a good many possessions, but restraint is not one of them. His wife, dainty Grace George, says: "I try to keep my feelings to myself, but my spouse displays them all over the place."

Nobody could safely say that William A. Brady is not a strong man nor courageous. Neither could anyone dispute that he is a crying man. When he feels like weeping, he weeps. In public as freely as in private.

He wept when he talked to the New York Press Club and begged the news hustlers to write plays.

"Where are we going to get them if you don't?" Tears splashed upon his plate.

I saw him crying. It was at the dinner given to David Wark Griffith. He said: "I will not be with you long. You must carry the standard without me."

Lace fluttered on the bosoms of emotional women. "Is Mr. Brady suffering from an incurable malady?" they asked each other in the dressing-room as they dabbed their reddened eyelids with fragrant powder.

Evidently not, for he has lived two years since that event, and he is still lustily alive and capable of making a great disturbance at sight.

He is a crying, fighting, argumentative, moody, likable man. His daughter, Alice, pets him, teases him, understands him. She never draws the lightning of his wrath. One day, in the dusk of the big stage at the Playhouse, she patted his shoulder, tweaked his ears, peered round his shoulder into his blue eyes with her mischievous brown ones.

"Don't bother me, Alice," he implored. "I'm in a bad humor."

"Go ahead, Pop. Don't mind any of the folks. As you say, why mind anybody? Let loose. Let them see where I got my craziness."

The company tittered. The guests, invited to the dress rehearsal, laughed restrainedly. "Bill" Brady sighed and went on with his rehearsals.

But Dr. John Roach Stratton found in him no such quarter. He challenged the picturesque preacher to a debate on the morals of the people of the stage. His language to the preacher who had questioned them was pointed, personal, picturesque and would have made a conscientious censor swoon.

Some men are emotional without being sentimental. Some are sentimental without being emotional. Mr. Brady is both.

He met an old friend who recalled to him seeing the first Mrs. Brady, the sparkling little dancer, Marie René. The ready tears rose to the doughty manager's eyes.

"She was the love of my youth," he said.

There is a story of his flinging himself across the deathbed of his wife in an agony of grief. Of small, dark-eyed Alice, who looked like her, creeping to the bed, climbing upon it, patting his cheek with her small brown hand, saying, "Don't cry, Pop. You have me."

He has been an actor, you know. Yes, in old melodramas. When his father, brilliant Terrence Brady, was an editor on the *New York Herald,* Bill was at school. He had to leave it because there were no further funds for his education. He became a peanut vender on the Southern Pacific Railroad. Max Freeman, the actor and stage manager, used to buy peanuts from him. When the boy, engaged by another manager, presented himself for rehearsal the stage director, Freeman, recognized the peanut man. He "fired" him as an actor, but let him stay as usher in the theatre.

He used to manage prize-fights. There's no restraint in that circle. He learned to speak his mind and vent his rages as he liked. Yet there's a Bill Brady inside of him that emerges, now and then, as a cooing dove.

I know a half dozen actresses who have signed contracts for parts they didn't like in plays they didn't care for because they said Mr. Brady was so beguiling that they couldn't decline the undesirable part. They said they left the office wondering why they ever signed the contract. Then they realized that the Brady spell, the persuasive Brady oratory, had "got" them.

He told me, when he was younger and slimmer, that the ambition of his life was twofold. He said: "I want to make the public recognize my wife and my daughter as *première* artistes."

Once he knocked down a stage-hand. It was because the fellow, without orders, ran up the stage curtain for a "call" and revealed Mr. Brady kissing his wife.

He is alternately the roaring lion and the whispering dove.

XLVI—CHANNING POLLOCK

THE man with the large head, the broad, stooping shoulders, the vehement manner and the moving tongue is Channing Pollock.

Mr. Pollock is the friendliest, the most democratic and the most talkative of the playwrights.

He will halt a weather-beaten actress at New York's busiest corner, Broadway and Forty-second Street, tell her what poignantly sweet memories he has of a rôle she played fifteen years ago in *The Maiden's Revenge,* and say that every time he writes a play he tries to introduce a part for her that he may have the pleasure of seeing her in one of his dramas. She goes back to her Eighth Avenue theatrical hotel, climbs the five flights to her hall bedroom as though her feet were wings and writes a long letter to her family, saying that she thinks she has turned the corner from her hard luck at last, and she believes that next year she can surely pay the balance of the mortgage on the farm. Playwright Pollock has raised her hopes to the empyrean. Is it his fault that they fall sickeningly upon the rocks? No, he will tell you. He had meant to write a part for her. She is a charming woman and able actress. But circumstances, the public taste, the managers have him in their clutch.

He is veritably one of the friendliest of the playwrights. He means what he says while he says it. But the world is wide. There are many capable players. Much work must be done. What wonder that he forgets until he meets the weather-beaten actress again? Process repeated.

He is unchangeably democratic. Channing Pollock will never be a snob. In proof of this he likes to tell of the days when he arrived in New York with four dollars and a half in his pocket, walked to Eighth Avenue for a cup of coffee because he could get one there for three cents while on Sixth Avenue the food purveyors charged five. Of the inside room and the rye-bread-and-cheese diet that did not sustain his young strength, of working as a longshoreman for the Joy Line and of receiving a consignment of watermelon in the neck. The watermelon was flung by a taunting young Negro, whom he did not chastise for the offense because he needed all his strength for the loading and unloading of heavy boxes. Besides the Negro might have sorely beaten him, and he knew he could not spare the time to nurse his hurts in an hospital. Remittances from him were needed by the family that was fatherless and depended upon the elder son for support. Mr. Pollock likes to tell of these experiences as does David Belasco of his bumpy beginnings, which argues manliness and a sense of humor. I know lesser folk who deny their acquaintance with park benches. They forget that the lower the beginning the higher seems the rise.

Channing talks. Ah, but he talks! But

(*Continued on page* 50)

Monroe

EDNA HIBBARD

Gives an astonishingly true-to-life characterization of a member of the frail sisterhood in *Ladies of the Evening*

Mishkin

BETH MERRILL

The Magdalen-Camille type of midnight lady, who is convertible, by the alchemy of love, to a spiritual blossoming

F. Vandamm

JUNE WALKER

Delightful ingénue of *Six-Cylinder Love* and *The Nervous Wreck*, who knows how to make the "young thing" sweet but not sugary, now plays the leading feminine rôle in *Processional*

FEMININE TYPES IN RECENT PLAYS

Interesting Interpretations of Heroines—Comic, Tragic and Farcical

White

Julia Hoyt has once more transferred her beauty from Park Avenue to Broadway to play the rôle of Judith in Henri Bernstein's Biblical play, *The Virgin of Bethulia*

White

The attractiveness of Virginia Hammond is ideally suited to her portrayal of the knowing Manon, wife-enlightener and husband-enticer in *The Harem*

TEMPTRESSES—BIBLICAL AND MODERN

Stately and Alluring Purveyors of Fascination in Current Plays

CONFESSIONS OF A PLAYWRIGHT

Mr. Crane Scores in "The Senator." Trying Plays on the Dog. "The Stepping Stone"

By SYDNEY ROSENFELD

WHEN the play, *The Senator*—that is to say, when the original script under that title—came into my hands, it was not long before I decided that it was unusable. Mr. Lloyd, who wrote it, had been a newspaper correspondent in Washington, and his knowledge of the details of legislative affairs was complete. He had also a keen sense of humor, and was already a successful dramatist. He had written *For Congress* for John T. Raymond (who had been starring in a version of Mark Twain's *Gilded Age*) and *The Woman Hater.*

It must have been to Mr. Lloyd's poor health that the signal deficiencies in his latest play were to be ascribed. He himself brought me the work to re-write, and we had a few sessions over it together. But he died before my reconstruction had fairly begun. It is not likely that if he had lived the play in its eventual form, which made a fortune for nearly everybody concerned, would have come to life, for it is not an easy matter for one author to persuade another, especially when that other is a gifted and experienced man, that any radical variation from his original conception is compulsory.

A man who has lived long with his characters and to whom each one has become a living entity, cannot by mere force of his will surrender his judgment as to their charms; Bronson Howard, for a long time the Dean of the American dramatists, gives an account of the heartache he had to overcome before he permitted an early play of his, called *Lilian's Last Love,* to gain a re-birth under the title of *The Banker's Daughter.* The alterations were made by A. L. Cazanran, and under the last mentioned title became one of the great successes in American dramatic literature.

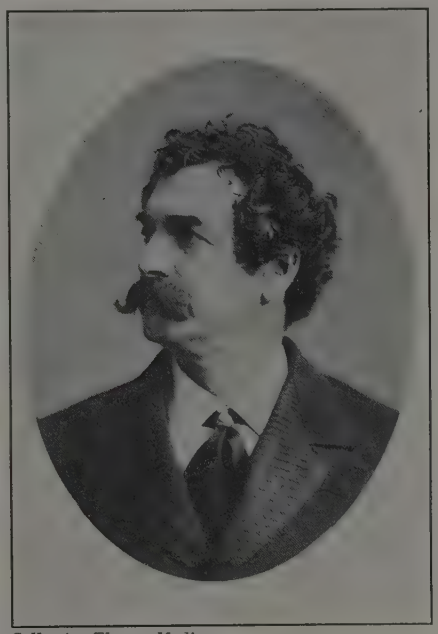
PROBLEM OF COLLABORATION

THE task of collaborating with Mr. Lloyd was all the more delicate, because I was only too willing to concede that nothing could have been finer than the scene in his original play which set forth the machinations in Congress to get a bill passed. All Mr. Lloyd's experience of detail, together with a delicious sense of comedy, were contained in that scene. The problem became, how to retain this valuable portion of his four-act play, and eliminate, without offense to him, the greater part of his other three acts, and to supply new material for the deleted scenes.

Bronson Howard tells how, in *Lilian's Last Love,* Lilian dies in the last act, and it required some persuasion to keep her alive in the new version, *The Banker's Daughter.*

Mr. Lloyd, in his third act, after revealing all the intricate and exciting *modus operandi* whereby a bill called "The Denman Claim" is finally put through Congress, allowed his curtain to fall on the death of old Denman, at the very moment when his claim went through.

There was no denying the dramatic import of this pathetic moment. And if



Collection Thomas Madigan

LESTER WALLACK

Famous romantic actor of a past generation, founder of Wallack's Theatre

Denman had been the principal character of the play, instead of only an incidental one—if the play had been intended as a serious drama instead of a humorous one—if the entire fabric had not been primarily designed as a vehicle for that well-known comedian William H. Crane, who played the part of Hannibal Rivers, a breezy Western Senator, who manipulates the whole deal of getting the claim passed—if, as I say, all these factors had not operated against the advisability of so gloomy an ending to the most important and amusing act of the play, Denman's death might have stood. But as it was—all my instincts as a play-writing opportunist revolted against it. I could not see my humorous star, after working with all his droll methods to obtain a triumphant result, standing aside at the fall of the curtain while a minor actor's death scene effaced the star from the center of the stage—and Gloom took the place of Victory.

I had my troubles arguing the thing out with Mr. Lloyd, who was, of all men who wrote for the stage, one of the kindest and gentlest. However, Fate ordained that *The Senator,* in such shape as should give Mr. Crane his best opportunity, should eventually be launched.

But as an illustration of how seldom one knows when opportunity is really knocking at one's door, I had decided not to undertake the work of revision, and was on my way down-town to return the script to Mr. Lloyd, when I met Mr. Brooks on the car, and he persuaded me to reconsider. Mr. Crane was out West. His season was already under way and he was waiting anxiously for his new play, when I joined him with the new version of *The Senator.*

THEATRICAL SUPERSTITIONS

I READ the play to the entire company, which comprised Georgie Drew Barrymore, Lizzie Hudson Collier, Daniel Frawley, James Neill, Mrs. Augustus Foster and some half dozen other well-known actors of that day.

There is a superstition in the theatrical profession that when the company to whom a play is read, applauds it, that play is doomed.

It was on this occasion that the superstition was exploded. I don't think that the play in all its long subsequent career before the public was ever received with more spontaneous applause than on that day in 1890 when I read it to those people who were all to successfully embody its characters.

It was first produced in St. Louis, and was a hit from the first night. The part I had introduced for Georgie Drew Barrymore, that of an attractive, susceptible widow, who lobbies with Senator Rivers for the bill, stood out triumphantly.

It is not often that a play makes money from the start, but I don't think *The Senator* ever had a losing night, and if the word "success" is to be defined (as it too often is alas!) by the money value implied, I can safely say I never had a greater. I feel privileged to record here that it was the use I made of Mr. Lloyd's big scene that contributed a great box-office factor to the play.

When managers tell you that they know nothing about a play till after it has been produced, they mean they don't know how much money it will draw, but that is no excuse for relying only on the mere gamble, which is too often their sole motive for trying out plays that should never have gotten beyond a first reading.

I am afraid that in the many years I have devoted to writing plays I have acquired but little respect for the average managerial judgment, information, knowledge, taste or acumen. I have often been asked by aspiring playwrights on what to rely in preparing a work for the manager's approval, and the best answer I can give is "Chance."

But don't let this answer justify every violation of the canons of playwriting.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The opening chapters of Mr. Rosenfeld's Reminiscences began in our issue for January, 1925.

There are certain inviolable laws that must be respected; for even if the manager does not know them, the public does, instinctively; and if the public are in doubt, the kind newspaper men are willing to help them out next morning. So after all there is some hope for the man who knows his business and is willing to wait, and having waited—wait still further.

Of course it is only too easy to generalize, and so when I, with one disdainful gesture, try to efface the whole horde of men who run the theatres, I feel in duty bound to concede that there does exist a very small group of men, who by education and artistic inclination, have a right to control the destinies of a play-house. (By this diplomatic concession I am sure to restore myself to the good will of the entire managerial field, for it's a safe bet that they will all consider themselves included in this group.)

But where are the men like Augustin Daly, and A. M. Palmer to-day? Daniel Frohman belongs in the group, but he has retired from active management.

Among the few cultivated managers of to-day there are also some so "intellectual" and so imbued with a sense of superiority that any play understandable to the masses becomes taboo to them. That accounts for the production of some of the ultra "highbrow" plays that are foisted on the public —so "highbrow" that not even the men who write them can quite understand them. That in a measure explains the Theatre Guild, which started out to produce "worth while" plays and has since become the haven for incomprehensible foreign drivel, that makes its appeal only to the alleged *cognoscenti*—save the mark!

The Theatre Guild presented, as its original offering, a play to which the general public responded—and having thus capitalized itself, immediately proceeded to ignore the general public and to cater only to faddists. By dexterous contrivance a *clientèle* of this latter class, with financial responsibility, was corralled—and to these elect were (and still are) dealt out a series of weird concoctions that can only mislead honest students of the drama.

The sane and normal play has received a terrific set-back.

The public has to choose at the present day between the abnormal, as delivered by the ultra intellectuals, and the daily output of kindergarten commonplace to which the general run of merely speculative caterers are addicted.

PROFITS OF PLAYWRITING

MUCH has been written against the system of actor-managers that prevails in England. It is very easy to grant that an actor who controls his own theatre is too apt to be concerned chiefly with the leading part, which he is to play himself, to the occasional sacrifice of the proper balance of a play. But even at that, how much happier does the man who has to write plays feel in knowing that the acceptance of his work shall rest with a man of education, and one who understands dramatic values. The greatest dramatists in history, from Shakespeare down, have found profit in providing great parts for great actors.

As for my personal experience with prominent actors, my main financial successes have been made through fitting them with parts, and though there is a prevalent theory that a playwright should first write a good play, and think of his actors afterwards, practical experience has demonstrated that many authors have received inspiration for their work in the knowledge that it was being prepared for especial performers.

After the success of *The Senator,* which served Crane so well, I made many contracts for plays for stars.

To come down to the sordid details of financial returns, in which I am sure all our younger playwrights will necessarily be interested, I wish to give a glimpse of the profits of playwriting. After *The Senator* was produced in New York it ran for two seasons at the Star Theatre and

De Wolf Hopper and Mathilde Cotrelly in Mr. Rosenfeld's operetta, *The Lady or the Tiger*

was the biggest box-office success for that class of play that New York had known since Boucicault's *Shaughraun.* It even outstripped that play.

The price of seats in those days was never above $1.50 and yet the weekly returns, throughout the run, never fell below ten thousand dollars (at the present rate this would mean nearly twenty thousand dollars), and though I divided royalties with the Lloyd estate, and my share was only two and one half per cent. of the gross, I received a fair recompense for my collaboration.

It was, however, what *The Senator* did for me in the way of advance payments on subsequent contracts that I wish to dwell on as an illustration of how quickly one hit in the theatre brings in its train a financial harvest. Samuel French contracted for a play for the Garden Theatre, and paid an advance of a thousand dollars. Roland Reed commissioned me to write a play for him, *The Club Friend,* and advanced fifteen hundred dollars on account of royalties; Helen Dauvray, who got quite excited over the part I had written for Georgie Drew, paid two thousand five hundred dollars in advance before I had put pen to paper, and a second payment of two thousand five hundred dollars on delivery of my script, *The Whirlwind.* This sum of five thousand dollars to be applied on a continuous royalty of five per cent. of the gross. J. K. Emmett gave me a similar contract for a play to be used by him as a vehicle on his tour through the country when he was trying to follow in the footsteps of his father, the famous German comedian of "Fritz" fame.

The terms that ordinarily prevail at the present day, after a play has been accepted, is a sliding scale royalty—this begins with five per cent. of the gross weekly receipts up to the first five thousand dollars, and proceeds to seven and one half per cent. of the next two thousand dollars, and ten per cent. of all receipts over the first seven thousand dollars. The customary advance payment on account of royalties is five hundred dollars. Of course for especial attractions, usually some foreign hit of established value, special terms and larger advance payments prevail.

MAUDE ADAMS' FIRST CHANCE

CHARLES FROHMAN, who was one of the most liberal managers of his day, was in the habit of going abroad and cornering the market by contracting for the still-to-be-written plays of successful foreign authors to whom he paid, in current parlance, "all kinds of money." But C. F. didn't agree to produce any of these untried plays. He secured an option on them after their value should first have been established through their performances abroad.

With all his enterprise he never encouraged the untried or unknown dramatist. He had a keen sense as to the availability of any play for the use of one of his stars in this country after he had seen it acted abroad, but he knew comparatively nothing of the value of an untried manuscript. Nor did he claim such knowledge. Though all the American authors loved him for his many fine qualities, he was not their means of arriving before the public.

When he was about to launch John Drew as a star he paid me an advance of a thousand dollars to write a play for Drew. He paid a similar advance to several other American authors, for he had to make sure of *some* vehicle for his star,

At the last moment, rather than back his judgment on a new play, he chose for Drew's début as a star an adaptation of a stereotyped current French farce, which Clyde Fitch made for him under the title of *The Masked Ball.*

This play merely served Drew as a "good enough" opening bill, but it did more than that for a young girl in his cast. It made *her* famous. She became Charles Frohman's chief asset—Maude Adams.

Thenceforth Charles Frohman became an exploiter of stars in such numbers that there was hardly a prominent actor who was not on his list.

There is no doubt that C. F. did wonders for the theatre commercially, but

(*Continued on page* 62)

Maurice Goldberg

LAURA HOPE CREWS

The Ideal Milne Heroine. Her Deft Portrayal of the Leading Rôle in "Ariadne," the Guild's Latest Production, Brings Back Delightful Memories of the Humorous, Understanding Olivia in "Mr. Pim Passes By"

Plays and Revues On Berlin's Stage

Triumph of Elizabeth Bergner in "Saint Joan." The Girl With the Collapsible Neck. Massary's Great Vogue

By BELLA COHEN

"Theatre Magazine's" Special Correspondent in Berlin

BERLIN, *February 1, 1925.*

IF I were asked what were the three outstanding events of Berlin's theatrical season, I should reply: the appearance of the Arabian girl with the collapsible neck; Max Reinhardt's production of *Saint Joan* with Elizabeth Bergner, and the moving picture, *The Three Wax Figures,* with Emil Jannings, Werner Krauss, Wilhelm Dieterle, Conradt Veidt and Olga Belieff.

THE Arabian girl appeared in the first revue shown in Berlin in ten years. The revue was called *Wien, Gib Acht!* and the Arabian girl appeared in the first half. Without a smile or single movement of her dusky eyes, she seriously planted herself in the middle of the stage and moved her stomach. Then she—so to speak—raised her neck and let it soar and descend very much on the order of a Japanese lantern. I went four times to see her and noted she averaged seventeen encores an evening. Her name? I can't remember it—but her neck I shall never forget.

THREE factors were responsible for the beauty, majesty and vividness of *Saint Joan* as given here. One was the superb direction of Max Reinhardt; second, the fine sets by Oskar Strnad, and, third and most important, Elizabeth Bergner, who played the title-rôle.

Many insisted that Trebitsch, who has been Shaw's German translator for the last twenty years, had not done justice to the play. Shaw retorted, in an open letter to the papers that all his translators had the greatest difficulty protecting themselves from people who would oust them from their jobs.

MAX REINHARDT now owns and controls four theatres in Berlin. His latest is *Die Komedie* on Kurfurstendamm—a thing of cream walls, glistening white chandeliers and red satin seats. It is a theatre for the elect and seats about six hundred. The little orchestra plays up in the northwest cubby-hole of the balcony. Two tiers of boxes and an orchestra are all that the house contains. He opened this little theatrical *bon-bon* with *The Servant of Two Masters,* by Goldoni, and with the famous Thimigs in the cast. It was a rollicking little piece with Mozartian airs and colorful sets and costumes.

REINHARDT'S plans for the coming season include Molière's *Imaginary Invalid,* with Pallenberg; *Six Characters in Search of an Author,* by Pirandello (in the newspaper announcement of this the "r" was left off, making it "Auto," and the result was that the Germans read: "Six Persons in Search of an Auto!"); Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida,* Somerset Maugham's *Rain,* and Galsworthy's *Loyalties.*

FRITZI MASSARY

This one-time obscure Berlin dancer, who to-day is Germany's most famous light-opera diva, so popular that she has cigarettes, mineral waters, horses named after her, is coming to New York to astonish Broadway with her phenomenal voice and magnetic personality

Reinhardt will leave Berlin for London by April to produce *The Miracle* at the Coliseum, with Lady Diana Manners in her favorite rôle. London has also invited him to produce *Sumurun,* but Herr Direktor has not yet made a definite decision.

THE THREE WAX FIGURES is a fantastically beautiful film which employs for its settings the times and places of Haroun-al-Raschid, Tsar Ivan the Terrible and an amusement park of contemporary Berlin.

It was the only picture for which I had to buy tickets from a speculator, and it was worth the $1.50 paid, even if I did sit in the fourth row at the extreme left-hand side. As a thing of art and startling originality, there is nothing that either Germany or America has produced recently that can vie with it.

TILLA DURIEUX, who appeared here for the first time a year ago in special matinées, held forth in the Kleines Theater on Unter den Linden in Oscar Wilde's *An Ideal Husband* with a hopelessly dead cast. The wit of Oscar Wilde was simply buried in a welter of German. By the time the actors got to the last *gehabt hat* and *geworden ist,* Wilde's epigrams had lost all life. It was a dreary performance, but the theatre was filled, and this after a run of two months—a long run for Berlin!

THEN there were the revues, snappy, amusing and pulchritudinously attractive. For the first time in ten years Berlin opened up its arms to foreign performers. London sent its Tiller girls, Vienna its harmoniously molded women, Paris its acrobatic and ballroom dancers, Moscow its ballerinas and male supporters with bulging necks and calves, Budapest a gypsy orchestra and New York sent Gilda Gray.

BERLIN, so long isolated with its own unbeautiful operetta chorus girls, was shocked out of its horrible, ten-year nightmare and sat up. The revues, from the first, *Wien, Gib Acht!* (Vienna, Heed!) to the latest arrival, *An Alle* (By All), were preceded by a fanfare of publicity and advertising. All trumpeted the fact that they were truly international. Each honestly and valiantly tried to outdo the other in extravagant costumes and astonishing curtains. And the bald Berliner automatically took the first six rows in the house and ogled.

An Alle must be especially mentioned for its lavish borrowing from our *Ziegfeld Follies, Greenwich Village Follies, Music Box Revue* and the *Charlot Revue.* It also deserves special comment because it is housed in the Grosse Schauspielhaus, which Reinhardt built for the people for the propagation of bigger and better dramas.

IN the majority of cases the German versions of Broadway's original thought were most successful. The orange-grove number from the *Music Box Revue,* for instance, was most unusual—as unusual as it had been in New York. The original numbers, such as the showing of the Berlin virgin (Claire Waldoff made up as half man and half woman), although they seemed to please the Berlin audiences,

(*Continued on page* 58)

Sybille Binder, one of Germany's most talented actresses, was first seen in Munich, where the critics at once hailed her as an actress of exceptional beauty and power. Her most recent appearance was in Goldoni's *Servant of Two Masters*, with which Reinhardt opened his now theatre, Die Komedie

Elizabeth Bergner, the German Duse, whose inspired acting as the Maid in Berlin's version of Shaw's play, *Saint Joan*, has made a tremendous sensation throughout middle Europe

Helen Thimig, who has been associated with Professor Reinhardt at his new Komedie Theatre, is best known in Germany for her repressed and economical interpretations—economical in the sense that she does not waste a single gesture

Gerda Mueller, another of Germany's notable actresses, is twenty-eight and has the typical, fascinating beauty of the German-Slav. Her Queen Elizabeth in Schiller's *Maria Stuart* was a sensation of Berlin

DISTINGUISHED STARS OF THE GERMAN STAGE

Notable Performers Whose Art Gives Lustre to Berlin's Theatres

Photo Hiller

DORIS KEANE AS THE NUN

One of the Twelve Interesting Characters in "Starlight," an Elaborate and Picturesque Comedy of the Life and Love of an Imaginary French Actress

S · C · R · E · E · N · L · A · N · D

The Devil's Cargo. Daddy Goes A-Hunting. The Last Laugh

By AILEEN ST. JOHN-BRENON

CHARLES E. WHITTAKER'S story, *The Devil's Cargo,* has been molded into an excellent photoplay —that is, if you enjoy having your hair stand on end and get a certain amount of satisfaction out of melodrama rampant. And who has not these lucid intervals?

This is a story of the underworld clean-up in Sacramento, California, in 1850, capably acted by Pauline Starke, William Collier, Jr., Claire Adams, Raymond Hatton and Wallace Beery, with the doughty villain as usual running away with the act. While the acting all the way through is of a superior order, Beery with no conscious effort manages to shunt the rest of the players pretty well into the background. A producer who doesn't want his villain to be the whole show had better leave Beery out of the cast. He is one of these natural-born actors who knows how to get the maximum out of every situation, and as the leering, brawny, drunken sailor who takes command of a derelict ship with its underworld cargo, he is both brutal and amusing. Combined with the sinister, melodramatic element of the story, there is an underlying theme of intolerant youth which gives the picture its human appeal.

A black wig and daubs of paint on strategic points have transformed Pauline Starke from an ethereal girl to the daughter of "Square Deal Sampson," keeper of a "den of vice," as the moralist would have the caption-writer put it. A word must be said for Miss Adams and young Collier as two young Puritans who elevate themselves to a pedestal of virtuous superiority only to be sent gallumfing down the river with all the women of ill repute in the vicinity. It is a case in which the bluff is called on the "mightier-than-thou attitude," resulting in sorrow and humiliation not only for the "weak sisters," but for the haughty young man and woman who are reviled for their unsolicited zeal in cleaning up the city.

While Victor Fleming has made a picture of unusual force, exercising care and intelligence in the direction of his scenes, his eye played him false in the matter of make-up. Sideburns and pompadours show a decided tendency to part company from their respective owners adding, one might say, greatly to the suspense of the drama.

DADDY GOES A-HUNTING

MOTION-PICTURE exigencies notwithstanding, Zoe Akins' play, *Daddy Goes A-Hunting,* emerges from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Hollywood with the title the author gave when she wrote it. It is the first Frank Borzage contribution to cinema art that we have seen in many moons. Borzage has an unmistakable flair for human situations and a real feeling for the struggles and vicissitudes which comprise the grind of everyday existence. His *Humoresque* proved that, so we are not going to censure him for the terribly stilted scene which marks the return of his hero from Paris after a year of separation from his wife and child. We are going to lay the blame at the feet of Kenneth Clarke, the scenario writer. This particular scene is so badly conceived and is so far removed from normal psychology that it pretty nearly ruins the picture. It is a point in the story for the greatest subtlety. Instead, the good old sledge-hammer is very much in evidence without even the saving grace of being wielded skillfully. Otherwise this picture, built upon a sane idea, is a pretty earnest attempt to get away from the hackneyed conventionalism of movie drama.

Photo Mandel

Gloria Swanson as the amusing laundress, who becomes a Duchess in Famous Players' elaborate version of *Madame Sans-Gêne*

Borzage's conception of Bohemian Paris leaves us cold and unconvinced, and it takes all the resourcefulness of that sterling actor, Percy Marmont, to make us believe that the husband's conduct approaches that of a human being. Marmont has such fine poise, so much intellect and restraint that he manages to invest the simplest action with feeling and significance.

Alice Joyce is seen as the long-suffering wife. She is a *mannequin à la mode,* and is satisfying to the eye if not to the heart. Her emotions are only skin-deep. Holmes Herbert contributes a sympathetic bit, and Helene D'Algy goes through all the motions of a French vamp becomingly enough.

THE LAST LAUGH

THIS unusual photoplay is an example of what can be done with a simple subject. It is the antithesis of banality and stupidity, and anyone who is genuinely interested in the films should not fail to see it. It should also serve as an object lesson to those directors who rely on the good old rubber stamp for every occasion. This is a German picture, an Ufa product, brought to this country by Universal, presenting once more the distinguished Emil Jannings, whose individual performance is a rare and satisfying piece of acting.

There are no mock heroics, no stodgy meanderings into the realms of conventionality. The picture is more a psychological study of a lowly doorkeeper than a mere dramatic episode, yet the pathos, the suspense, the feeling of gloom and presentiment that carries with it so often a wistful smile is quite unequaled by anything we have seen before. In brief, it tells of an hotel doorkeeper whose gold braid and stylish uniform signify to him his greatness in the German community in which he lives. Stripped of these because of his old age, he is plunged into despair and misery, until chance, which plays so great a place in the lives of all of us, brings him the consolation which had been denied him through the sneers and jibes of his fellow-men.

The story is told entirely in pantomime without subtitles, and is replete with that imagination and restraint lacking in so many of our own photoplays.

LOCKED DOORS

THE latest William de Mille effusion is by no means in the director's best vein. Neither he nor Miss Beranger have covered themselves with significant honors in *Locked Doors.*

Particularly is the production weak in its casting, and the pace of the story is so slow that it contributes its share toward a boresome session. It is the hoary tale of youth shackled to old age. Youth in the person of Betty Compson and a fire scene, trapping the lovers, is the high spot of the film, but it fails to arouse any interest save that of wonder for the stupidity of the youthful culprits.

THE LOST LADY

THE LOST LADY is an attempt on the part of someone to produce a really worth-while photoplay, and to Warner Brothers, a firm which has demonstrated its sincerity in this direction on many occasions, all credit is due. Because of understanding direction, however, this picture does not quite attain its purpose. A sincere adaptation of Willa Cather's novel of the same name, it is evident that a genuine effort has been made to retain the flavor of the book, but a certain cheapness, cheapness of characterization mainly, inevitably creeps in at a crucial moment, and this is no more mockingly evidenced than by the far-fetched ending dragged in from nowhere which has been tagged on unceremoniously with no respect to drama or coherence.

But the picture is notable if for one feature alone—the remarkable acting of Irene Rich—a performance not only remarkable for its earnestness but for the emotional depth it reveals, its poignancy and pathos. As a young woman, bound in honor and circumstance to a husband she does not love, unable to subdue the loyalty which binds her to her husband's side, dying to get free, the demoralization after his death, and her final degradation when she realizes that life has passed her by while she was chained to a wheel-chair—Miss Rich proves herself to be one of the screen's outstanding players. She is a revelation. George Fawcett is excellent as the husband, but Matt Moore is a terrible misfit as the lover.

THE GREAT DIVIDE

WILLIAM VAUGHAN MOODY'S play, *The Great Divide,* is destined to achieve the success on the screen that it enjoyed on the stage. It is a fine audience picture. By that we mean that it going to make a lot of money for the producers because it will go big in the sticks as well as in the cities. To have a picture go big in the sticks is every producer's dream. It is tantamount to saying that the good old ducats are going to roll in at the box-office. This effect is produced in various ways. Sometimes it is accomplished by the good old-fashioned method of tear-jerking, or again the homely sentiments of young love and misunderstanding may be lavishly employed. That being the case, there is a generous supply of subtitles reading "All women will understand the pride of a good woman's heart" or "My God, I have searched the world over, only to find you here!" Romance, manhood and pure womanhood are found in this setting. *The Great Divide* belongs in this category. Hence it will reap its modicum of shekels.

No need to tell the plot; anyone who has lived half a generation will do that for you. Let it suffice to say that both in their treatment, direction and appeal Benjamin Glazer, Waldemar Young, and Reginald Barker have done the needful. There is romance here in a beautiful setting. The scenery is magnificent. This must not be interpreted as a slam to the picture, for in this case fine scenery and excellent drama go hand in hand. The pictorial appeal is just an added attraction, but it has to be mentioned.

Conway Tearle and Alice Terry do well in the parts played years ago by Blanche Bates and Henry Miller. Tearle suffers in silence and is noble and sincere enough to break down all the barriers of the heroine's Puritan soul. His languishing looks and his aching heart accomplish what strings of gold nuggets, jeweled bracelet and the hope of that beautiful home way, way off in the mountains failed to do.

Miss Terry is called upon to make no great contributions to the art of histrionics, but she is well groomed in her blonde wig and flowing gowns. There is a villain in the piece, so of course Wallace Beery is in this production too. Huntly Gordon is also in evidence, and pleasingly so.

Etta Lee, "the jet-and-ivory lady of the East," and one of the ten striking models in the forthcoming production of *The Dressmaker from Paris*

HER NIGHT OF ROMANCE

CONSTANCE TALMADGE strikes her *métier* in comedy. Her floundering in the more serious sphere have been viewed with regret. Good comedies are few and far between on the screen, and when the younger Miss Talmadge forsook her former happy hunting-ground she left a gap that has never been filled. In *Her Night of Romance* she has a story which gives her full scope for her lightsome gifts. She hasn't quite found herself again. It will take her some time to "come back," for despite an entertaining story and one that is from every point of view amusing, she somehow lacks the gay and effervescent quality which was her greatest charm. Ronald Coleman practically steals the picture away from her—that delightful young actor gives such a refreshing performance that it would be difficult to keep pace with him were the star at her best.

Hans Kraly has gotten his stride in writing for Miss Talmadge. A few more pictures in this vein, and Miss Talmadge will doubtless be in good fettle again. The situations are highly amusing, the characterizations good, and there are some awfully funny gags. Albert Gran contributes his share of fun to the proceedings, and barring soured minds, *Her Night of Romance* should prove popular everywhere. Sidney Franklyn directed this comedy, built so cleverly on the old story of the American girl eager to avoid being married for her money.

EXCUSE ME

RUPERT HUGHES, dexterous and resourceful as he is, has fallen back on some pretty old devices in the film version of his novel, *Excuse Me.* That, of course, is permissible, but when it comes to lifting subtitles bodily out of productions of a few seasons ago it seems time to call a halt. We laughed a couple of years ago when he wrote, "And they live scrappily ever afterward," but when he foists "a good line" on us again as a specimen of his wit, we are inclined to muse rather on the vanity of human hopes for the scenario writer. Hughes' humor is usually prolific, and we hate to think that he is resorting to regaling us with old gags.

This picture is pretty much of a farce with a generous smattering of hokum. This wouldn't be so bad except that it isn't particularly funny. It is an obvious attempt to be so. Sometimes it hits the mark, more often not. The action is slow. An amusing scene is introduced in a Pullman train. An inebriated gentleman takes possession of an upper berth with palpable discomfort. This and a convention of clergymen provide genuine fun. A great deal of excitement is produced when a locomotive races with an aeroplane. This is well done, but it fails to compensate for the lack of spontaneity which is apparent through the film, that lack of spontaneity, for example, which necessitated introducing an old gag to get a smile.

Conrad Nagel as a comedian proves to be quite delightful and Norma Shearer, always beautiful and appealing, plays opposite him with some spirit. Walter Hiers is flat, in spite of his bulk, and Renée Adorée is vivacious as a French gal. Alf Goulding has handled the proceedings, especially the melodramatic sequences, with considerable skill.

Picturesque scene showing Richard Dix as the hero of "Too Many Kisses" making an effective entry into a drowsy little Basque village. This striking set of a corner in the heart of the Pyrenees was built at the Paramount Studios on Long Island

M · U · S · I · C

The Sad Case of the German Tenor—The Concert World Produces Mr. Fuertwangler and Mr. Stravinsky

By GRENVILLE VERNON

THE sole remaining remnant of *schrecklichkeit,* at least in America, is the German operatic tenor. He alone is quite as he was before the war. Indeed, he is even more so. German baritones, basses, sopranos, and contraltos are at least vocally the equals of those of other races. There are for instance no more beautiful voices than those of Mme. Rethberg or of Mr. Schorr; indeed there are few more perfect vocalists than either of these two artists. They realize that though *bel canto* is an Italian phrase it is equally useful in music composed beyond the Rhine. Then take the interpretive intelligence of such singers as Michael Bohnen, Paul Bender, or Maria Mueller—it is an intelligence fully as potent as that possessed by most of the graduates of the Paris Conservatoire. They may at times lack somewhat in distinction, but they possess a native force and color which make their impersonations in the Wagnerian music dramas worthy of the traditions of the Metropolitan Opera House. But alas the tenors! They stick out like a sore thumb. They kill illusion. They are in short quite impossible.

THE Metropolitan has two German Wagnerian tenors—Mr. Laubenthal and Mr. Taucher. They appear, one or the other, whenever one of Wagner's works are presented. Mr. Laubenthal, for instance, is the Metropolitan's representative of the poetic Walter of *Die Meistersinger;* Mr. Taucher the impersonator of the romantic Tristan and the heroic Siegfried. We are told that they are the equal of any German tenors now extant. This may be true. But it doesn't prevent their singing in harsh, wooden tones, and acting in quite corresponding fashion. It is perfectly true that they know their business in regard to diction. In this, and this alone, they are worthy of real praise. But mere clarity of diction doesn't make an opera singer. If these two tenors are to remain to give us their versions of Wagnerian heroes, a bit of advice would not be amiss. Let them study the art of singing and the art of acting. There are in New York excellent teachers of both. A *Meistersinger* without an adequate Walter or a Tristan who neither sings nor acts the part, is almost as bad as Hamlet with a Prince who can neither read blank verse nor visualize the son of a king.

IT might not be a bad idea in the meantime for the Metropolitan to look elsewhere for its Wagnerian tenors. A few seasons ago Morgan Kingston gave an impersonation of Siegmund such as certainly neither of the present representatives have equaled. Mr. Kingston may have had his faults, but at least he possessed a beautiful voice and gave the impression of a man built in an heroic mold. Mr. Kingston, for some unknown reason, is no longer a member of the company. At the present crisis he might be sent for with profit. The fact that Mr. Kingston is an Englishman ought not to stand in his way. The greatest Lohengrin of all time and the greatest

IGOR STRAVINSKY

Famous Russian composer, now in America as "guest" conductor with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra

Tristan of our generation was not a German but a Pole with a French training. His name was Jean de Reszke.

The most promising début of the month was that of Maria Mueller as Sieglinde in *Die Walküre.* Miss Mueller is young, statuesque, beautiful in face, the possessor of a lovely lyric voice and an evident dramatic temperament. All things considered, her Sieglinde was the most effective the Metropolitan stage has seen since the departure of Olive Fremstad. Her Elsa, while excellent, was somewhat less potent in appeal. If she keeps her present sincerity and does not spoil her voice by attempting parts too dramatic for her youth she ought to go far. Mme. Larsen-Todsen, the other débutante, appeared as Brunnhilde and proved herself a good routine Wagnerian soprano, but little else. The Metropolitan has evidently yet to find the Brunnhilde worthy to succeed Fremstad and Ternina.

IN the concert field two new conductors have made their débuts. The first was Wilhelm Fuertwangler, who appeared as guest conductor with the New York Philharmonic. Mr. Fuertwangler made an impression as deep as it was instantaneous. He is not one of the centaurs of the baton, but neither is he a mere *routinier.* He is a conductor rather on the order of Karl Muck—splendidly balanced, yet possessing abundant fire. Though never extravagant, he is never dull. Not in a long while did a Brahms symphony sound as lovely as it sounded under his baton at his first concert. It is to be hoped that now the Philharmonic has had him it will keep him. He should be with us not for a few weeks but for a whole season. He is just such a conductor as New York needs.

The other conductor was Igor Stravinsky, who also appeared with the Philharmonic. Mr. Stravinsky made no particular impression when he wielded the baton. It was speedily evident that he is another composer who would do well to stick to his job. But a few days later there was another tale to tell when he appeared as soloist with the Philharmonic with Willem Mengelberg as conductor. On this occasion Mr. Stravinsky gave the first performance in New York of his own Concerto for Piano and Wind Orchestra, playing himself the piano part. Needless to say the work was clever as everything always is by this Russian composer. His feeling for rhythm and for orchestral combinations was superb, but what was lacking was any hint of an original melodic idea. Since the *Sacre de Printemps,* Stravinsky seems to be continually searching for something new without any other apparent idea than that it shall be new. He has apparently fallen into that blind alley into which so many modern talents have rushed never to emerge—the desire of novelty for its own sake. His Concerto is another proof of the old truth that to be novel is not necessarily to be original. Originality is the depiction of something vital in a new way. It is difficult to find anything vital in Stravinsky's later compositions unless mere vitality of rhythm be considered important. Only in this respect can his Concerto assume the least critical importance.

THE International Composers' Guild is always eager to shock the bourgeois. In fact that is its chief aim in life. At its latest concert it brought forth among others the same Henry Cowell who last season gave a concert in Carnegie Hall at which he played the piano with his fists and elbows. This feat he temporarily abandoned in favor of an *Ensemble* for Indian thunder sticks and chamber orchestra. The thunder stick is a flat piece of wood attached to a string and whirled in the air by the performer. Three men whirled these sticks, and one stick got out of control and flew into the audience. This was the high point of the evening. Only if it had really hit one of the critics in the eye it would have been even a higher point. Then the bourgeois would have been shocked indeed!

EDWARD JOHNSON

Whose romantic personality and mastery of style make him ideal as Pelléas

© *Mishkin*

GEORGE MEADER

His power of character drawing was never more triumphantly shown than in his Mime. Here it is

Havrah, Paris

NINA TARASOVA

A Russian singer who has often been called a pocket edition of Yvette Guilbert

Apeda

ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY

Who has revealed this season one of the most poetic temperaments possessed by any pianist since the début of Paderewski

Muray

DUSOLINA GIANNINI

Born in America of Italian parents, her exquisite voice and fine intelligence are a tribute to both countries

© *Underwood and Underwood*

GRAZIELLA PARETO

A Spanish soprano whose Violetta has ravished Chicago Opera audiences

AMONG THOSE PRESENT AT THE MUSIC FEAST

In Opera and Concert Youth Is Still an Asset with This Page of Artists

V·A·U·D·E·V·I·L·L·E

Goleman's Smart Police Dogs. Eva Tanguay a Hardy Perennial. Six English Steppers

By RICHARD SAVAGE

Sketches by Maurice Maxeville

GOLEMAN'S police dogs are smart actors. Bow-wow Wows. We need more of 'em on the vaudeville stage. They're smart. But not too smart. Their act at the Palace is one hundred per cent. perfect. No wise cracks. Nor superassurance. They do not yap mammy songs. Or soulfully whine "My Kid," a soppily sentimental ballad sung by ninety-nine out of every hundred male singers of the two-a-day. No pleas for applause. Nor smirks. Nor fake-suppressed mirth, to give the impression that their own act is so excruciatingly funny, they're vastly entertained themselves. They do not boast sister teams. Or brother quintets. Or family squadrons. No. They do their stuff well. And then they run swiftly off the stage to collect their two pounds of lamb chops, or platter of chicken livers, or whatever pay is due them. No reluctant leave-taking, with that clinging-to-the-stage and wistful begging-for-a-hand attitude. Fine actors. Great actors. Their pay ought to be raised a couple of loops of frankfurters.

EVA TANGUAY, hardy perennial of the halls, is back again. With new trappings. Cross-word puzzle stuff for timeliness. Her program billing is the cream of bombast. "Resistless as the torrential tide that tosses madly over the teeming cataract of Niagara" is the way it describes the restless Eva. Grandiloquent terms, however, can well be applied to this "dynamic force of vaudeville," as she is further touted. Little Eva likes it. Hasn't she told the world through the years how great she is? Sometimes eccentricity pays. At other times it's a frost. In Eva's case it has been profitable. Her accouterment is extravagant. And horrific. And just a little bit nutty. She has Christmas trees and evergreens and cocoanut palms cluttering the upper portion of her anatomy. Her shapely legs are left unencumbered. She sings "I Don't Care" in her chirpy, tuneless way. Many granddaddies in the audience applaud.

THIS is the big season for old-timers. Stars of the long ago are returning to the halls to twinkle again. Some of their sparkle is gone, of course. The years have a way of taking out the gleam and putting in the kinks. But it gives the old boys a chance to journey again to Tony Pastor's and Daly's. Ah, those were the days, they tell their grandsons! But the lads yawn and hope the next act will introduce a few of those shimmying little rascals from the supper clubs. And just about then May Irwin comes on in a little sketch called *Mrs. Peckham's Carouse*. This is a tiresome skit about a reformer. Forty-year-old Bourbon is poison to her. But even grandson sits up and takes notice when, later, she sings "Bully," one of the old-time favorites. There is an ebullience about May Irwin which is infectious. The years may have dulled it a bit. But it is by no means extinguished.

THE Six English Steppers with Edward Stanisloff and Gracie have twelve of the neatest dancing legs I've ever seen. They twinkle and twirl after the fashion of the Tiller girls. Their team-work and sense of rhythm is superb. Watch them. They'll be kicking those well-trained legs in a musical comedy, or a new revue soon. The act in which they appear now is colorful, with a gypsy camp-setting. A tabloid music and dance show.

Robert Emmett Keane and Claire Whitney in their new act, *Room 909,* use such an antiquated theme that it is surprising its senescence doesn't cause it to crumple up and pass out. The old and distasteful idea of a hotel maid cleaning a drummer's bedroom while he bombards her with old gags, and dinner invitations and proposals of marriage. The fact that he is a married undertaker instead of a married shoe salesman, or varnish dispenser, doesn't add sufficient novelty to the general idea. And, a few coffin handles, and jars of embalming fluid do not brighten up the scene any. It only suggests that interment might be a wise idea. An inevitable end to something so old and weak.

BRENDEL and Burt again. But funnier than ever. Same trick trousers, with a genius for dropping off in the glare of the footlights. Perhaps losing one's trousers in public is more vulgar than kidding a maid in a hotel bedroom. I don't think so. Brendel couldn't be vulgar if he tried. When his suspenders and garters and trousers drop off it is simply an accident. An accident which the poor Swede would have prevented if he had not been so darn dumb and busy with other trivialities. But when a drummer wise-cracks with a hotel maid, and offers to buy her dinner, there's something rotten in Denmark. And no kidding.

Quack! Quack! Quack! Program exclamations along with the name of Dr. Rockwell. That's the trouble. He quacks so much, up in a stage-box, in the second section of his act, that he just about kills the delightful dancing of the Meredithes — Madelyn and Norman. He keeps up a continuous stream of silly patter, while the hard-working dancers are going through their graceful steps. Together with horse-play. Eyes are riveted to the box. The dancers dance to an audience which is having its attention magnetized away from the stage. One of these days this pair of dancers will simply waltz off the stage and leave the Doc flat. Then, he can prattle on until pay-day, and see what happens. Maybe he won't believe in Santa Claus after that.

AH, for the dear liberties practised in the music halls of dear ole Lunnon. Gordon Bostock's, *An Amateur Night in London,* is enough to make a Britisher of any man. Think of the joys of tossing overripe tomatoes—plop, plop, plop—three or four in quick succession, at an alleged entertainer. Picture the swift encircling jerk of the kindly hook as it hauls off the stage a distressingly bad actor. And the exquisite mental relaxation afforded by shouting out, "You're rotten!" or "So's your grandfather!" in the middle of a mess of piffle. No sitting through ten or fifteen or thirty minutes of boresome twaddle. The blessed privilege of demanding that a music-hall artist be entertaining or begone! Of course these forms of expressing disapproval are, according to this funny act, permitted only in cheap music halls on amateur nights. But what a bright idea it would be to make professionals over here stand the gaff. To be able to say: "Do your stuff well, or not at all." And "less smirks and twaddle, and more real entertainment." "Less smug assurance, and more art." How sweet to stand up and shout *Banana Oil* during a mushy-sentiment act.

(Left)
LEO CARILLO
Late star of *The Saint*, who comes from the legitimate with *Little Stories from Life*

(Right)
FLO BRADY
Southern singer, who, with her team-mate, Gilbert Wells, has already won vaudeville favor

NAN HALPERIN
Pep and personality are two of the attributes of the diminutive Nan, who terms her offerings "character-song studies"

Hixon

ART FRANK
This rube, by heck! is the other half of *The Hick and the Chick* team. He and his partner, Margie Barron, are great favorites with patrons of the two-a-day

Goldberg

KOUNS SISTERS
Nellie and Sara, concert sopranos, who abandoned society circles in Topeka, Kansas, to exercise their talent in the halls

DU CALION
A comedy king, whose regal bearing, as you can plainly see, is just about nil, is called "the loquacious laddie" in vaudeville, where his antics amuse

FROM THE VAUDEVILLE GRAB-BAG

Comedy Children, Ballad Singers and Burlesque Kings Add Interest to the Halls

R · A · D · I · O

D. X. Fishing. An Aristocrat Among Stations. Roxy and His Gang. Selecting a Set

By CHARLOTTE GEER

NOT so very many years ago when Motion Pictures were a novelty they held an audience spellbound simply because they moved. No plot, no continuity of idea was necessary. As long as the black shadows wiggled a head or waved an arm or flung a foot about, an open-mouthed audience went into transports of delight.

So with Radio at the present time. Thousands of people are listening-in, not because they like what they hear, but because they are intrigued by the fact that they hear anything at all. They gaze at the ugly brown case with its accompanying black horn, and their expression is not unlike that of a group of children who watch a magician pull a complacent rabbit out of an "empty" hat.

But now, even as we write, conditions are changing. Slowly but surely, the public is coming back to its critical self. The golden days of "Anything goes with a BCL" are passing. Radio has become familiar to a large group. It is a household pet in a great many homes, and it must progress beyond the mere wag of a tail to win approbation from its owners. It must learn complicated tricks as an evidence of its intelligence.

The program directors, sensing the public awakening, are bestirring themselves and are already prophesying co-ordinated programs, finished artists, and a Radio technique as a development of the future.

ANOTHER aid to the upward march of better programs is a situation arising in the industry itself. This is called, in the vernacular, "DX fishing." To the man without a Radio—if there be any such—we will explain that "DX" means Distant Stations and to "fish" means to twist the dials of your receiver until P. M. changes to A. M. and the haul of evening is landed—California is heard on the phones.

The lure of a still, small, agitated voice coming from a distance of three thousand miles has to be felt to be understood. But every man is a potential "fisherman," and sooner or later he will discover that a squeak from the Coast is more to be desired than a symphony from Manhattan

This is all very upsetting to the manufacturers of sets famous for beauty of tone rather than mileage. And it is very distressing to the performers in the orchestra and the warblers of arias. The program directors are recognizing the necessity of producing a better grade of program to keep the BCL aerially at home. To this end they are planning to improve the quality of the votive offerings of the air.

Altogether, despite the antagonism of the theatrical profession, this little stepchild of the arts is here to stay, and from now on we shall see it consolidating its position, solving its problems and placating its enemies until we will one and all forget the days when it nibbled crumbs under our table.

WJZ, Radio Corporation of America: The pioneer of the Metropolitan broadcasting stations, this organization together with its twin WJY has stood in our mind as the aristocrat among the stations, the Father Knickerbocker of the air. WJZ is progressive, it is artistic, but it is above all conservative. The personnel of the station are courteous, friendly, open to every sort of constructive criticism, but with it all they are of the *intelligentsia.* They are idealists although their programs do not always indicate it. During the past winter for example they arranged with the co-operation of the Brunswick Company to put on the first Radio recital of Grand Opera singers. Mario Chamlee and Florence Easton were the first Grand Opera stars to give an exclusive Radio program and these recitals, known as The Brunswick Hour of Music, have been continued at regular intervals through the winter.

For the past few weeks WJZ has broadcast a Sunday evening concert by the Hampton singers, one of the most delightful programs ever put on the air.

The Radio Corporation is fully alive to the fact that a co-ordinated program is a development of the future and to that end they originated last summer a rather awful entertainment called "Omni-Oral." After two or three attempts these were abandoned and we mention them only as indication of how closely this group is in touch with the Radio public.

A more successful effort at continuity was given in "An Evening with Gilbert and Sullivan." This was so popular that the "Evening with Thomas Moore" given in March was a result.

WEAF, American Telephone and Telegraph Company: This is technically the greatest of them all. Perhaps in the affection of the public it stands first because it broadcasts the most popular single feature on the air, the Sunday evening concerts of Roxy and his Gang. To Roxy, or S. L. Rothafel, belongs the credit of arranging and maintaining the first connected program on Radio. His Sunday nights' concerts are a perfect blend, warranted to appeal to all classes of listeners and Roxy, Radio's greatest impresario has literally endeared himself to millions. Hanging on the wall of his outer office is a little poem, the closing lines of which are as follows:

"In a word,
To let the Spiritual, unbidden and unconscious
Grow up through the common,
This is my symphony."

This idealism may perhaps explain the remarkable and to some inexplicable hold that Roxy has on his hearers.

WEAF is the great exponent of indirect advertising, the most mooted feature of Radio to-day. Done in the way they do it, it has made many friends and elicited little but favorable criticism. "The Happiness Boys," the "Gold-Dust Twins" and the "Eveready Hour," are regular weekly features. These companies hire artists of unquestioned ability, call them after the trade-name of their product, and put on a carefully rehearsed and often artistic program. Particularly is this true of the "Eveready Hour" which has offered some really delightful evenings this winter. Done in this lavish manner the advertising element which consists in the aerial reiteration of their euphonious name does not detract from the listener's enjoyment. Personally, we are of the opinion that if the Pins and Needle Association or the Prune Packers Incorporated feel an urge to

(*Continued on page* 68)

White

"Roxy," otherwise known as S. L. Rothafel, Radio's greatest impresario, whose Sunday night Capitol concerts have endeared him to millions

Walter Abel, seen recently as the harrowed, ultra-expressionistic hero in *Beyond*, now portrays another brand of lover in the Provincetown production of *Michel Auclair*

Rabinovitch

White

Ruth Gordon deviates from the stereotyped stage characterization of the flapper and infuses into the rôle of the futile-brained young thing in *Mrs. Partridge Presents* a spirit of comic temerity and wistful appeal

Richard Bird's fervent, agitated and interesting interpretation of Marchbanks in *Candida* has become the subject of little after-dinner debates between worshipers and dissenters

Vandamm

Odette Myrtil, as the mischievous peasant girl, enriches *The Love Song* with spontaneous gaiety and delightful drolleries

Goldberg

Monroe

The golden beauty of Flora Le Breton, which burst upon Broadway in *Lass O' Laughter*, will shortly be framed in a new play by Wilson Nixon

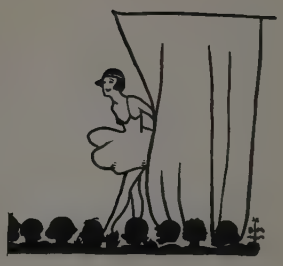
THE NEW GENERATION ON THE STAGE

Promising Young Players Interpret Old Types in the Modern Spirit

Heard on Broadway

News and Gossip Straight from the Inside of Theatredom

By L'Homme Qui Sait



DAVID BELASCO'S first production of next season, if present plans mean anything, will be *The Doll Master,* written by himself. In this KATHARINE CORNELL is listed to star. *The Doll Master* is the first play which D. B. has written alone in a long time—since *The Return of Peter Grimm* was produced. Mr. Belasco this season is having the most successful year of anyone on Broadway, for his trio, *The Dove, Ladies of the Evening* and *The Harem,* are all demand hits in the ticket agencies.

No less than four American managers attempted vainly to get the native rights to *The Vortex,* a highly successful play in London at present. BASIL DEAN, who recently quit the Drury Lane management, claims that he has the piece for presentation here next fall, while another producer affiliated with the ERLANGER office is equally sure he will be its sponsor.

FRED STONE'S tour in *Stepping Stones* is one of the most successful in the history of the American stage. In Boston he played to average receipts of $26,000 for several months, while six weeks at the Forrest, Philadelphia, grossed $200,000, or an average of more than $33,000 weekly. To the uninitiated these are very high theatrical figures. He is now in Chicago for an extended run.

FRANCES HOWARD, who leaped into fame when she jumped from the ingénue lead in *The Best People* to featuredom in the screen production of *The Swan,* is from Kansas City. The family name is McLAUGHLIN and her sister, CONSTANCE, is a member of ZIEGFELD'S glorified troupe. Before the advent in *The Best People* she was with HALE HAMILTON in *Swifty,* a quick flop of several seasons past.

This is concerning W. A. BRADY'S recent production of *The Good Bad Woman,* which aroused the ire of the New York papers and citizens. The Brady production was written by WILLIAM S. McNALLY, a Minneapolis newspaper man, while BAYARD VEILLER, the veteran dramatist, had a piece of the same name reposing in the A. H. WOODS reading chest. The VEILLER piece, however, was of a different nature, for Mr. Veiller's penchant has never run to naughty-naughty-papa-spank dramas.

Two of the Theatre Guild productions for next year will be PIRANDELLO'S *Right You Are if You Think You Are* and HERMAN HEIJERMAN'S *Eva Bonheur.* The latter was the most famous dramatist of Holland and his most celebrated work was *The Good Hope.*

EUGENE O'NEILL, whose *Desire Under the Elms* is now running at the Carroll Theatre, under the management (by arrangement with the Provincetown Playhouse) of The Bohemians, Inc., is said to be displeased at the advertising methods used in connection with his play. O'Neill, it may be certain, wrote it as "art," for he is one of the few playwrights who waives royalties when business is bad, but its exploitation up-town has been as a "cussword" show. Nevertheless, the receipts have been large and the Provincetown group has been prospering.

NED WAYBURN this summer will again try as an independent producer. Several seasons ago he made the productions in the Century Theatre, which did not draw, and it was his handiwork which graced the stage upon the opening of the Capitol. *Town Gossip* was his last independent production, but it died on the road. Since leaving ZIEGFELD, he has produced vaudeville acts, but this summer he will occupy the Beck Theatre with a large revue, backed, it is said, by OTTO KAHN.

All records for burlesque receipts were broken recently when the *Jimmie Cooper Revue,* a company playing the Columbia Circuit, grossed $17,000 in Pittsburgh. Such high money is considerably more than three-quarters of the shows on Broadway get in a week and represents plenty of profit for its producer. Both white and colored people are in the piece.

MAURICE DE FERAUDY, of the Comédie Française, isn't coming to America this year despite reports to the contrary. He was here last season and did well on Broadway, but he himself has declared that there is no return engagement this year.

EMILY STEVENS, who spent last season playing *Fata Morgana* both on the road and in New York, will take up the vehicle again—this time to tour Canada and to anchor for a run in Chicago. Negotiations are now on.

EDMUND PLOHN, who produced *Tangletoes* in New York last month, was formerly the general manager for GEORGE M. COHAN. Known as "Eddie," he had a business hand in all the Cohan shows and the *Tangletoes* show was his first venture on the private bank roll.

BORRAH MINEVITCH, the harmonica-player in ELSIE JANIS' *Puzzles of 1925,* is not only the highest-priced harmonica-player in the world, but he has played that lowly instrument in concert at the Metropolitan Opera House. He is a Bostonian and declares that he picked the instrument up at school to amuse the kids. Be that as it may, nevertheless and notwithstanding, he is a revue feature on Broadway.

SIR JAMES M. BARRIE is now writing a play on the life of Robert Burns and production here will, in all probability, be made either by CHARLES DILLINGHAM or the FROHMAN office.

RITA JOLIVET returned to the stage for thirteen days last month. She played a leading rôle in *Moon Magic,* which received two performances at Lancaster, Pa., two weeks in Philadelphia and then closed for rewriting by the authoress, RITA WEIMAN.

One of the most profitable shows of the year is *My Girl,* a musical farce at the Vanderbilt. The owner of the show is LYLE D. ANDREWS, who owns and who built the theatre. The show is "geared" cheaply and at its moderate scale of $3.30 it has already proven to be one of the season's big money successes. The fluke about it is that the press matter isn't plentiful, but that the patronage flows steadily.

Although BOOTH TARKINGTON has declared that he is through writing plays, it is said that the *Magnificent Ambersons* will reach the stage next season via JOHN GOLDEN, whose yearning for clean plays is equal to that of WILLIE COLLIER.

Although it is yet a moot question whether MICHAEL ARLEN actually had a hand in the writing of ROBERT MILTON'S recent production, *The Dark Angel,* that same firm announces for next season *The Cavalier,* which they admit was written by Arlen.

This year's most romantic story of the theatre is awarded to *Is Zat So?* now playing at Chanin's Forty-sixth Street Theatre. This show was produced by EARL BOOTHE and promoted by EVERETT BUTTERFIELD. There wasn't enough money, so the actors came to New York, working on a co-operative basis—sharing receipts. Immediately it became a $12,000 hit at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, where it opened, and upon moving to the larger playhouse its "take" more than doubled, giving tremendous profits to all concerned. *Sam Shannon's Sinners,* a snappy musical revue, is another co-operative show due this summer, and everyone in it, from actors to scene-painters, are gambling with the management.

Next year will definitely see the beginning of six more legitimate playhouses in New York, all to be built in the Fiftieth Street section around Sixth Avenue or Broadway. This will bring the total number of legitimate playhouses in the city to nearly seventy-five—a number which far surpasses that of any city in the world.

ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK next season will begin her farewell tour of America, according to report in operatic circles, and when that season is over the magnificent contralto, known affectionately as "Mamma" Schumann-Heink, will retire to private life in California.

SENATOR GERARD, a brother of the former ambassador to Germany, is among the latest "angels" to finance Broadway theatrical productions. He is named as the backer of a new producer whose press stunts have won him some fame.

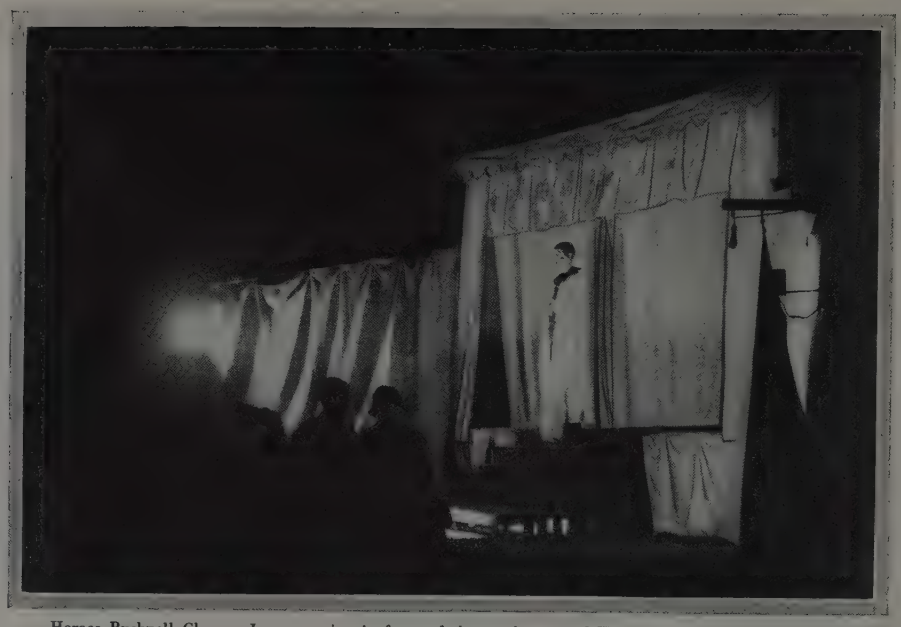
THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited By M. E. KEHOE

Photo Weibmer

An exquisitely beautiful setting for *Prunella*, produced at North High School, Minneapolis, under the direction of Laura A. Henry. The settings and property were by Ralph E. Smalley, St. Paul

A close-up of the house, showing details of construction. The house, posts and fountain were white, blended over yellow ochre, and the trees and hedges were dark gray green



Horace Bushnell Cheney, Jr., appearing in front of the truck stage of The Jitney Players as Pierrot

The Jitney Players

Strolling Troubadours of Modern Times, With a Ford Truck for Their Stage

A LONG time ago the mediæval world was enriched by the presence of the troubadour—but that was before the advent of the flivver. To-day, in keeping with the times, the strolling player no longer strolls, but jitneys—and thereby greetings to Mr. Henry Ford.

To the northward, ho, one might say about these Jitney Players, for north of New York, the center of all dramatic talent and opportunity, lies the scene of action. But not too far north. Only the New England States. I met them in Provincetown — the locus of Eugene O'Neill and the Wharf Players, and the sea-blown origin of the Provincetown Players.

It would be unfair to Yale men to say that most of those interested were Harvardites. Especially since the head and moving spirit of those involved is a Yale man—Bushnell Cheney, Yale 1921—the inspired son of the senior member of Cheney Brothers, silk merchants.

There are particularly amicable working arrangements between these Harvard and Yale men. They are all so immensely enthusiastic and so interested in the working out of the plays that the old camaraderie of the troubadour wins out against the gridiron.

The Jitney Players have established themselves with Madison, Connecticut as their permanent working address, and from there they tour about the New England communities in New Hampshire, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, reaching many spots that perchance never otherwise see a local dramatic presentation of any sort.

Despite their impromptu qualities, theirs is a charmingly finished performance. The romance of outdoors for a background, the contraptions of the twentieth century for device with the learning and schooling of the modern stage or university dramatic workshop as their training. An altogether naïve and romantic pattern.

Their staff of stage life is—stranger uses than were dreamed—a Ford truck. This truck not only carries the majority of stage scenery and business, but it *is* the stage. And this stage, as Mr. Cheney himself tells us, is of strict Elizabethan tradition. What now, oh modern sophisticate? Do you know that the three levels of the Shakesperian stage (page Mr. Woollcott) were the "fore stage," the "middle stage" and the "upper stage"—and that these three are kept true to their ancient model by means of the unique mechanism of the truck?

Not a daguerreotype pair of the 1840's, but the charming Alice Keating (*Mrs. Horace Cheney*) and Randall Burrell in *The Loan of a Lover*, produced by the Jitney Players

There are two trucks in their entire caravanage. One of these carries the electrical equipment, two large tents which become dressing-rooms or sleeping quarters *ad libitum* and *ad hominen*—besides the baggage of each member—and a stove. To those who wonder, let it be added that the baggage of each member—I know, because I was to be one of this delectable group—consists of one suitcase and a make-up box.

And it must be said for each of the itinerant fourteen, that they looked as fresh as if they had stepped out of a fresh bag of Chinese laundry! How they do it with but one suitcase is one of the unsolved mysteries of Valhalla.

The second truck, indeed, like Aladdin's lamp, needs only to be touched, and out come all the essentials of any well-regulated stage. This is what happens:

It drops its tail-board to become a flight of steps into the audience, and is completely cleared out to become the stage. The sides of the truck are then let down on a level with the floor of the truck, and are supported by hinged legs to become the entire floor of the stage, sixteen feet by fourteen feet deep. There is a roof, of course, over the driver's head—what Ford truck hasn't one?—and this is pushed down to form the upper stage, by the

(*Continued on page* 66)

The Amateur's Green Room

Behind the Scenes in the Colleges, Schools, Clubs and Little Theatres

PRACTICAL SCREENS FOR THE AMATEUR STAGE

AMONG amateur groups—in schools, colleges and little theatre organizations where finances are an important consideration—there has been a long-felt need for simplified sets easily adapted to the needs of plays of various types, and to date this need has not been adequately met. Now, however, with the co-operation of Mr. Ralph Smalley, of the Mechanic Arts High School, St. Paul, we are able to offer our readers working plans for the construction of screens that may be easily adjusted to meet the needs of plays of every variety.

In order to demonstrate the flexibility of these screens we took for our subject the production of *Twelfth Night,* because of its popularity with school and college groups, and in nine sets of drawings and working plans, give a detailed description of the entire production, properties and lighting, worked out in thoroughly practical fashion with the use of screens and properties. If yours is a high-school group, your manual training department will build the screens and properties for you, or the drawings may be turned over to any competent carpenter.

These drawings are $7.50 the set, which covers the royalty, printing, etc. They represent the most complete service we have ever been able to offer our readers, and we know that they will be quickly disposed of, because they exactly fit the needs of amateur groups of limited means, and are both artistic and practical.

Address the Editor, The Amateur Stage, THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

THE LEXINGTON PAGEANT

PERHAPS in no other city or town in America are community feeling and national pride so strongly and beautifully expressed as in the historical pageant drama, *Lexington,* which will be repeated for the second time by the people who dwell in the birthplace of American Liberty—the citizens of Lexington, Mass.

The outstanding feature of this year's pageant, commemorating the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, will be the splendid amphitheatre which the people of Lexington started to plan and build four years ago, under the direction of Mr. J. Willard Hayden, Jr.—a theatre built for a definite purpose—the presentation of the Lexington pageant.

After the pageant the theatre will be used for all sorts of community events, and it will be permanently preserved as Lexington's shrine of American history, unique among all other outdoor theatres in the entire country.

To quote Frank P. Sibley's description of the Lexington amphitheatre in the Lexington *Times:* "That broad road leading back into the woods is the road to Concord; the elevated portion is where will be erected the town of Lexington as it looked in 1775; the vista through the woods will show Paul Revere on his ride. Up the slope will come the British troops, and there will be a real battle-ground. Best of all, however, is the beauty of the place. This is a beautiful thing that has been done by the citizens of Lexington, and its beauty will live. It is a proud task that the town set itself, and it is a fortunate thing that the work was started four years ago. Every minute and every dollar that has been spent shows." The pageant is the work of Sidney Howard and it will be produced under the personal direction of Sam Hume.

The Editor, The Amateur Stage Department, will welcome news items for this page from school, college and Little Theatre groups.

The people of Lexington, Mass., have built this unique amphitheatre as a permanent shrine of American liberty, where the pageant drama, *Lexington,* will be presented for the second time on June 22, to commemorate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Lexington. The theatre was evolved from what was originally rough swamp land, the lagoon is artificial and the green and forestage were built up, affording a drop in back of the trees, where groups making their exit are completely lost to the audience. The stage is set to show the town of Lexington as it looked on that memorable morning 150 years ago

FASHION

AS INTRODUCED BY WOMEN OF THE STAGE, AND REFLECTED IN THE SMART RENDEZVOUS OF NEW YORK

Puch

A Lanvin frock of white crêpe, with full sleeves of mauve crêpe. Narrow bands of silver ribbon trim the neck and skirt, which is repeated in the appliqued flower of pastel silks

GRACE MOORE, whose lovely voice and charming personality help to make the *Music Box Revue* a notable success, enjoys a career important socially as well as professionally. Upon her recent return from Paris, where she sang only for friends, Miss Moore became still more interesting with her wardrobe of stunning costumes direct from the French *couturiers*. Several of her frocks, shown on this page and the one following, were selected by THEATRE MAGAZINE as delightful suggestions for the approaching season. Peasant sleeves, or no sleeves at all, and the flaring skirt are conspicuous in this trousseau. There is a distinct tendency toward a slightly marked waist-line and the skirts are shorter than ever. Fascinating fabrics are used in gorgeous combinations of color, this being noticeable of pyjamas, which are such a vogue, that pantalettes are used as an integral part of more formal costumes.

Pyjamas are the rage in Paris, made in two or three pieces, with the flare sometimes noticeable in the coat

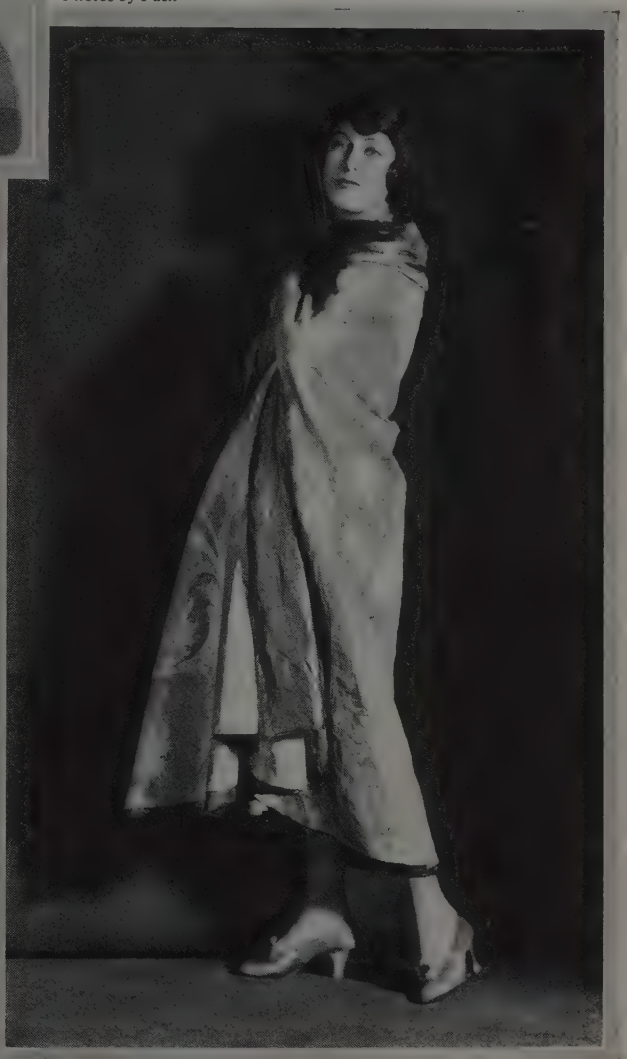
Pearls, laces and tulle are the principal means of evening ornamentation, with a low décolletage at the back

MISS MOORE PRESENTS A BRIEF SKETCH OF PARIS FASHIONS

The decorative pyjama for afternoon bridge and tea is sponsored by the smartest women of fashion. A delightful Molyneux model of green and gold, made for Miss Moore, is very youthful, with the trousers buttoned tightly about the leg, and the Mandarin coat of gold tissue, embroidered in pastel rose and green

Lovely old gold brocade is used for a full circular evening cape, which is fitted snugly about the shoulders. This permits the drapery to be brought forward, securing the approved silhouette. Under this is worn a dance frock of pale-green satin and tulle, with a molded bodice. Shoes from Carcion Manfre

Photos by Pach

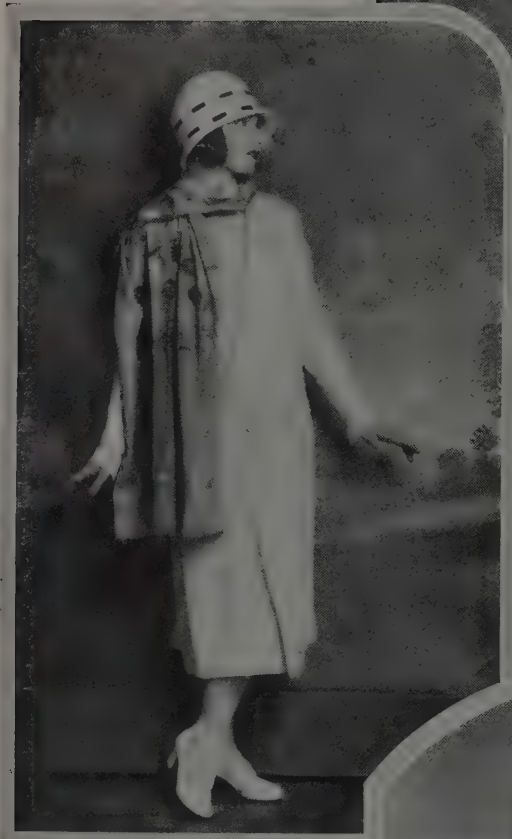


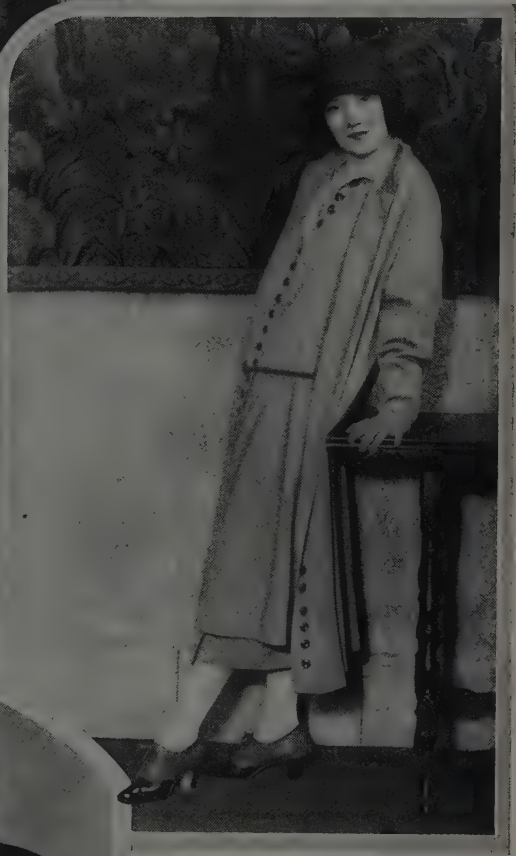
AN IMPRESSION OF DAYTIME FASHIONS FOR EARLY SPRING

Márgaret Lawrence, exquisite comédienne of the dramatic stage, suggests an all-black hat as necessary for smart afternoon affairs. She selects therefore this appealing creation of black Milan with a cascade of chiffon and lace placed high on the crown, which floats into a fragile scarf of great length. Designed by Henri Bendel

(*Oval*) Doris Freeman, who appeared recently in *The Good Bad Woman,* is persuasive in a type of large hat which will enjoy a renewed vogue this season. A soft imported straw, with short back, needs only an ivory ornament to complete its smart appearance. Tiny balls of ivory trim the brim

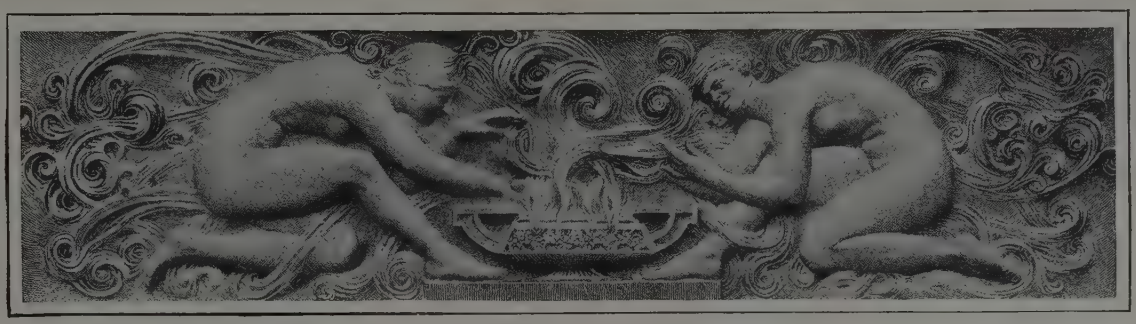
Photos from Muray Studios





Gilda Gray, who has charmed Miami with her dancing the past season, has found a new interest in her reputation for wearing smart costumes. For sports she introduces a white knitted coat-frock open at the side, with brilliant color emphasized in the Viennese scarf and band of the white felt hat

Dorothy McKay, who delights one and all in *Rose-Marie,* is glimpsed off-stage in an ensemble costume for warmer days. Severely tailored in beige-corded tricot, trimmed with bone buttons, the long-bloused overblouse is extremely youthful. The coat is unlined, which is a feature of summer wraps. Designed by Samuel Lorber



LES POUDRES DE COTY

Matchless in quality — individual in shade and fragrance — COTY Powders *bring a revelation of greater loveliness to women of every type of beauty. The new* COTY Compacte *is created for the purse, as the boxes of* Face Powder — *are for the dressing table, so that this exquisite freshening touch may be ever at hand.*

L'ORIGAN – PARIS – EMERAUDE – STYX
IASMIN – ROSE JACQUEMINOT – CHYPRE

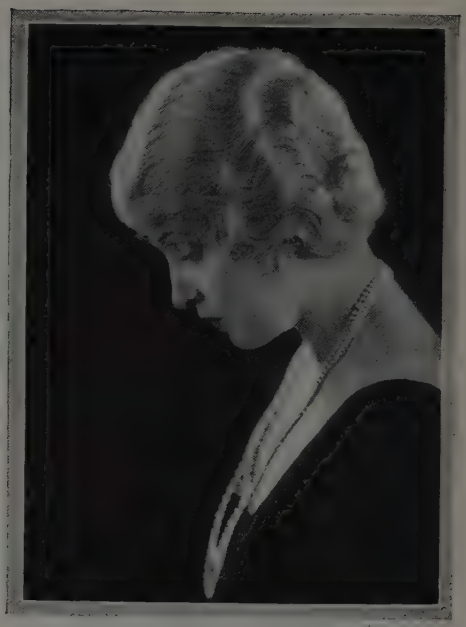
REFILLS FOR THE COTY COMPACTE TWO IN A PACKAGE, WITH NEW PUFFS

Address "Dept. T. M. 4"
"PERSONAL SERVICE BUREAU"
For guidance in choosing the correct Face Powder *shade and expressive perfume odeur to intensify individuality*
COTY INC.
714 Fifth Avenue, New York

Alice Joyce, who maintains her rule in the moving-picture world, as she appears with her famous "bob"

THE TRANSFORMATION BECOMES AN IMPORTANT FEATURE OF FASHION!

Transformation from Henry



Miss Joyce, the same Alice, still more beautiful in a white transformation that defies detection and invites imitation

WHO would dream that nature could be improved upon! Certainly not in any way we have yet discovered, with the exception of "the hair" question. True, a number of women have suffered torture physically and financially through plastique operations to change feature and contour, but the risk is great and cannot be undone if not successful. But woman's crowning glory—her hair—which does more to beautify her than frock or feature, she may choose to-day, and have not only her heart's desire in this respect, but at the same time be approved by fashion. Through the "transformation," which is successful only when made by an expert, the struggle with unruly or undesirable locks has come to an end. And, too, the transformation is most flattering.

The arrival of this elusive fashion has been slow in maturing, but has grown steadily among the fashionables of Paris, and has been highly indorsed of late by authoritative fashion magazines. Just as the "bob" was first indorsed and introduced on the stage, so the advent of the "transformation" has been introduced on the stage and acclaimed by discriminating women in private life. The "uninitiated" do not realize the great art and skill that has been developed in presenting this exquisite fashion to women—naturally wavy hair of any color and parted at any becoming angle may be yours. Age is no barrier. The "bob" for daytime and an alluring "coiffure" for evening. Truly, one may have her cake and eat it, too!

Carlotta Monterey, one of the beautiful brunettes of the stage, in private life the wife of Ralph Barton, the artist, as she appears in the severe shingle "bob"

Miss Monterey in two of her transformations, which she arranges and wears according to her mood or the occasion

Transformations from Manuel

To Admire and be Admired

MALLINSON'S
Silks and Fabrics de Luxe

For Spring and Summer the woman who appreciates the newest note in fashion will appear in some one of the wonderful Mallinson creations in Printed Indestructible Voile, Printed Pussy Willow or Printed Pussy Willow Crepe.

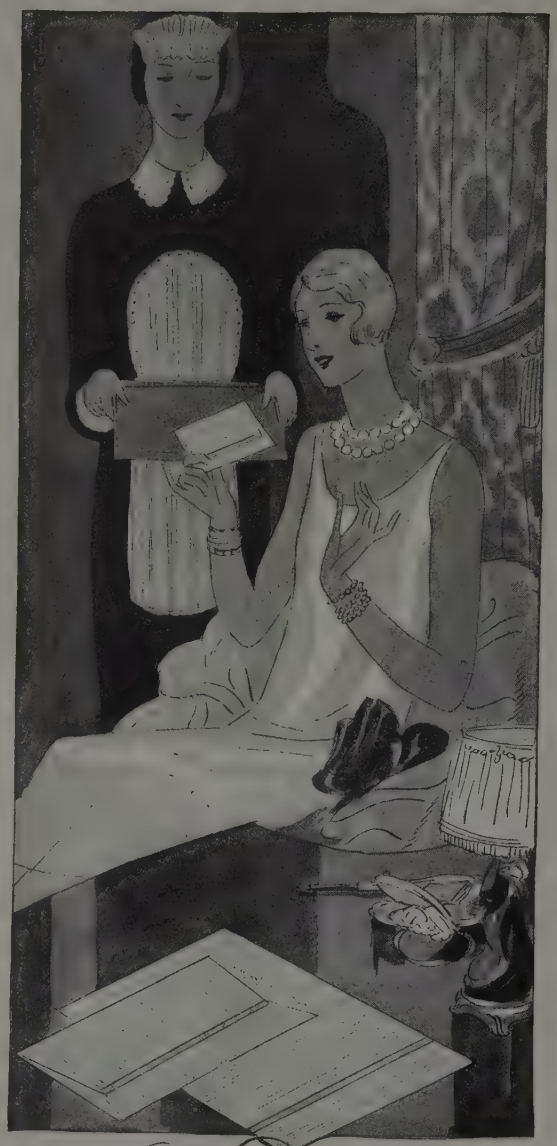
You can't help admiring the fabrics when you *see* them—when you *wear* them you can't escape being admired.

For whatever place or occasion where distinction of dress is appreciated, *Mallinson's Silks and Fabrics de Luxe* predominate.

Sold in all the better stores and identified by the name **MALLINSON** on the selvage.

H. R. MALLINSON & COMPANY, Inc.
Fifth Avenue at 31st Street, New York
220 South State St., Chicago 711 Wells-Fargo Bldg., San Francisco

Sole representatives in United States and Canada of Redfern PARIS



Crane's Cordlinear

New—in its smart "cord" effect and self-tone vertical lines. New—in the unusual folds of its letter sheets and novel envelope shapes. New—in its delicate colorings. Old—only in its quality—that same dependable quality which has characterized Crane's papers for over a century.

A writing paper of distinction with just the proper touch of novelty.

EATON, CRANE & PIKE CO., 225 Fifth Ave., New York

MIRRORS OF STAGELAND

(*Continued from page* 22)

when he talks he says things, some of them unpalatable.

As when he spoke at a dinner given to John Galsworthy and said that the plays of that eminent author had not made a dollar in this country. "Why did you say it?" a friend asked him. "Because it's true," answered the dramatist. "And because I've gotten long past weighing my utterances. I have earned the right to say what I think."

He likes to talk and audiences like to hear him talk. He stood to bow his thanks for applause at a banquet. Augustus Thomas, playwright and dean of after-dinner speakers, approached with congratulations. "Thanks," said the younger man. "I think I may claim to be the second best after-dinner speaker in New York." "Why the second?" asked Mr. Thomas.

There is a great deal of sentiment in the Pollock breast. An example is that you nearly always discover an Anna in the cast of his plays. If there is no Anna, it is because his wife won't let him use the name in that play. It is hers. Theirs was a press-agent's romance. They met in Philadelphia when each was "working the papers" for their respective attraction. The rivals became friends, sweethearts, husband and wife.

He is an idealist who has forced himself to be practical. "I have made my failures yield me the most money," he said to me. "I sell them for pictures and help to push them." Occasionally he is seen at the Sixty Club or at the theatre with a pretty wisp of a red-haired girl to whom he is all gallantry. She is Helen Irwin, his stepdaughter, who has adopted the name of Pollock. He has a stepson, Dwight Irwin, who works on the New York *Times*. He wrote their "stuff" for the youngsters when first they essayed their newspaper careers. He is as proud and fond of them as though they were of his blood as they are of his heart.

Faulty but likable, with a high-power industry that, in comparison, would shrink a draught horse to the proportions of a snail.

WHAT IS A BOX-OFFICE PLAY?

(*Continued from page* 9)

THE COMMERCIAL THEATRE

who may be justly referred to as Commercial Managers, because artistic production is the aim of the majority. Naturally, they want appreciation of that production symbolized by money, not only because they must live, but because the more money they make the more they have to spend in artistic experimentation.

Every theatre should be (and most are) a home for the artistic presentation of ideas and ideals; a place designated to bring something constructive to the world, whether it be beauty, romance or just laughter. In fact, I'm not sure I shouldn't have put the last first, for I know of nothing more constructive than genuine laughter. And, in so far as any theatre fulfils this purpose, it IS an Art Theatre. So why quibble over meaningless distinctions?

The fact of the matter is the average so-called commercial manager is as fully desirous of presenting drama in terms of art as is the average director of an art theatre. A desire for success does not kill the artistic sense.

THE ART THEATRE

Much Ado About Nothing. Next season we may establish the policy of fine new productions alternating with five revivals.

Our experiment with a repertory company, our attempt to keep a group of ten actors in constant and intimate association with one another and with a directing staff is of more importance than any other part of our policy. It is also the most difficult thing we are attempting. How far it is already successful I should not, perhaps, attempt to say; yet I am tempted to point out how notably at least one of our players has developed in the year that she has worked under direction that refuses to "type" her. I refer to Mary Morris, an unknown player when she had three lines as a sinister Magdalene in *The Spook Sonata*, celebrated overnight for her sublimely purë heroine in *Fashion*, notable for her sensitive performance of an elderly spinster in *The Crime in the Whistler Room* and now rather close to famous for her tragic study of the wife in *Desire Under the Elms*.

THREE EXQUISITE PERFUMES BY LENTHÉRIC

AMBRE MOUSSE ~ LOTUS D'OR ~ COEUR DE PARIS

In presenting these three perfumes to the women of America, LENTHÉRIC *feels assured that they will be enthusiastically received.*

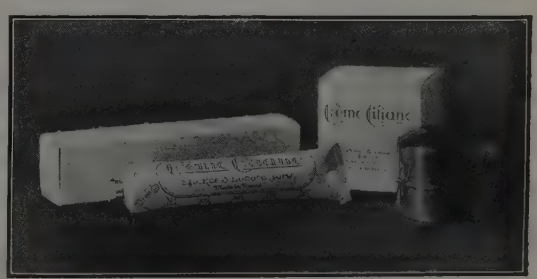
Two of them—"Ambre Mousse" and "Coeur de Paris" need no introduction to those who know the perfumes preferred by Continental women of taste. These famous odors, in all their original charm, now take on added attractiveness from their new containments—the distinguished blue and red-canted bottles with stopper-covers of gold inlaid with enamel.

"Lotus d'Or"—the third of the Parfums LENTHÉRIC *illustrated—is one of* LENTHÉRIC'S *newest creations—a perfume of subtly oriental bouquet. The bottle and stopper are embossed crystal; the box in gold and black, is ornamented with the lotus flower.*

LENTHÉRIC, Inc.
389 Fifth Avenue New York City

Sole Distributors for LENTHÉRIC, *245, Rue St. Honore, Paris.*

Crème Citiane
LENTHÉRIC



*Our unprecedented and unrivalled "*CITIANE*" Cream, made and boxed in France, is the* ONLY COMPLETELY *successful preparation for the enhancement and preservation of the beauty of the skin. It has not only won instant recognition from Parisian women, but is the only cream to gain the acceptance of* MEN *who are careful of their personal appearance. Having adopted it, you will be grateful for the suggestion.*

TRE-JUR

"HER'S"

He was glad he'd forgotten to return it—its lovely scent brought memory of her charm

EVERY TRE-JUR Compact breathes the perfume of JOLI-MEMOIRE—a new fragrance that thrills the heart.

And every Tre-Jur Compact breathes the spirit of style and originality.

There's the Tre-Jur Triple—powder, lipstick and rouge in one delightful little case, ready for instant use.

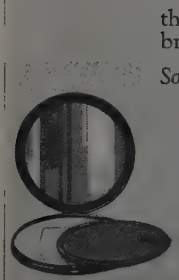
There's the Tre-Jur Thinest—remarkably slender and convex, designed to fit the palm.

For *every need* a Tre-Jur Compact—and in each, you will find the quality of cosmetic that has brought TRE-JUR its fame.

Sold everywhere, or by mail from us

THE HOUSE OF TRE-JUR
19 West 18th Street, New York City

NEW: *Tre-Jur Loose Face Powder, exquisite quality, delicately scented, silken soft—in a wondrously lovely box. 50c and $1.*



THE "THINEST"
Single — $1.00
Double—$1.50

THE TRIPLE
$1.25
Small Twin—$1.00

CHINESE DRAMA ON THE BOWERY

(*Continued from page* 10)

persons. They deliberately placed good things in the stage path of the scholarly character. His brother or cousin, the military man, is always half buffoon.

The villainous character is usually a military man also, but he does not play for mirth. He invites rather horror, for he is given to cutting off the heads of fathers, to striking grandmothers dead with fright. He comes to grief in the end about the same time the scholar wins Ying Ying. The prime factor in his defeat is the mother warrior, who may be said to represent Virtue Triumphant.

NO BELASCO METHODS

THE minor characters include governors, who wear embroidered and colored silks, their daughters and their wives, occasionally the Chinese emperor and his long-bearded counsellors and his frail-handed favorites. It is all the China of antiquity, the golden time when Cathay was the *terrain* of a blessed ethical balance that somehow crushed evil into the dark earth and at last recognized good and rewarded it. All this is done without settings and to the accompaniment of weird music. The musicians occupy chairs directly in back of the actors and are in full view of the audience throughout the play. One sees them even when they take off their shoes, or undo their collars, or when they use their handkerchiefs, or scratch their backs. Oddly, it does not dispel the illusion. Perhaps it is the creative quality of their music that makes neutral the musicians themselves.

There are perhaps half a hundred musical phrases with mood meaning in Chinese theatre music. The instruments are the long-necked, three-stringed guitar known as the "san-hien"; the "yuekin," or moon-shaped guitar, and the strange boat-shaped violin of China, which is called the seu-who. A Chinese flageolet and a Chinese piccolo are from time to time added to the ensemble.

In addition to the musicians and the players, one sees the stage manager at all times. He wears a black costume and has an impervious countenance, a simply blank face that admits no thought. It is a common thing for this individual, at a crucial moment in the drama, to take a position less than a foot away from the principal character. His presence is needed for the handling of chairs, cushions, weapons and such properties which he produces from a property counter at the side of the stage, also in full view of the spectators. It is almost incredible that the stage manager fails to jibe with the illusion, but he might as well be a piece of wood or a painted strip of Chinese proverbs. The principal creates the illusion, and the stage manager, like the musicians, is neutral background.

Directors in the Chinese theatre would not understand the art of David Belasco. The stage realism made use of by that impresario is the farthest remove from Chinese theatre technique. Where Belasco creates a rainstorm that is the essence of verisimilitude, or sunlight that is golden like Maytime, the Chinese producer merely appeals to the imagination of his audience.

There is nothing a Chinese actor cannot suggest. There is no place he cannot go. He can duplicate the movie close-up when on the stage with several characters, by taking two steps forward and one to the right. The other characters turn their backs, and the audience realizes that he has walked around the corner and is now by himself. He can travel five hundred miles in one second, appearing now in a dingy hut and the next moment in a gorgeous palace.

Two ladies balance a stick between them and walk across the stage. That means they are out boating. The musicians play bars from a river song.

A battle on the Chinese stage is as glorious an offering as one would wish to see. Two supers in dun gray and holding wooden swords take postures at the sides of the stage. They represent the two armies. The real conflict is waged between two generals resplendent in attire. The King of China's trusted *generalissimo* has a black-and-white painted face, illustrative of his fierceness, and is garbed in colorful flowered silks. He stalks about in beaded Korean boots, carrying a horseman's spear, by which one knows he is riding a horse. Occasionally he two-steps across the stage proudly, and one realizes that his Arabian steed is going a-gallop.

The orchestra is articulating war. The general whirls from one end of the stage to the other, tilts the spear, vaunts his courage and the valor of his great army. It is a dance of old China, the clash and clatter of great armies moving against the sun. Enter the enemy.

CHINESE STAGE BATTLES

HE is eloquent with flags. They protrude from his back like Fourth-of-July angels' wings. His head-dress, feathered and beaded, tosses as he whirls. Crash and clatter. Plinkety, plunkety, gong, crash, gong. They spar with lances. They whirl. They thrust and parry. It is quick and furious, this fighting. They war as the fleet Saladin warred with Cœur de Lion, dartingly, circling fast, meeting full tilt. The music tells of legions in the dust, of other legions glorious with wounds, of brave legions that would not yield, that fought and fought.

Now the music changes. It suggests early evening, perhaps dusk along the Yangtze. What is this they're discussing? Well, the night appears to be coming down around them and there's not much use in fighting in the dark. Let us call it a day, shall we? If it doesn't rain to-morrow, we'll go

Stein & Blaine

A CREATIVE HOUSE

"Lily-of-the-Valley"

—graceful lines—exquisite color—fascinating effect.

"Ambassador"

—a new perfume—
—of great allure.

FURRIERS — DRESSMAKERS — TAILORS

13 and 15 West 57th Street
New York

Miss Hope Hampton wearing one of the new Gunther Scarfs of luxurious Silver Fox

An Exquisite New Spring Collection

RICH SCARFS *of* SILVER FOX

THE soft full-toned beauty of Silver glistening in deep-hued black—what more attractive to enhance the Spring Costume? Owing to an early and advantageous purchase of this season's new skins, Gunther is now able to offer scarfs of choicest Silver Fox at prices even more moderate than have prevailed in seasons past.

From One Hundred Fifty Dollars
To Nine Hundred Fifty Dollars

Gunther

Fifth Avenue at 36th Street

FURRIERS FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY

at it again, hell for leather. Very well. . . . Very well. The two chieftains elaborately salute, prance about the stage, then gallop (two-step) offstage in two directions.

The astonishing quality of this encounter is its power to create clashing armies in the mind. A Chinese battle of the stage would indicate that somewhere in the dusty archives of Cathay is to be found a Chinese Iliad. The Chinese drama certainly points unwaveringly to the sometime existence of a slant-eyed Homer.

Speaking of warriors, we must not overlook the bellicose mother. Deserted or widowed, the mother goes into a Chinese nunnery. Now Chinese nunneries, as represented on the Chinese boards, are rather more than mild places of religious recreation. They would seem to be more akin to gymnasiums or literal colleges of war. When a lady becomes a nun in the Chinese drama, it means that she is going to be able pretty shortly to handle a spear, to use a sword, to hold her own in a wrestling match, and to be a practised master of what the Bowery boys call jiu jitsu. It also means that she will appear carrying a heavy strand of white horse-hair (or ancestral beard) and that her costume will be colorful, gay and provocatively attractive.

It is this provocativeness that seems to get her into trouble. She meets along the road some itinerant warrior of the opposite sex, and he tries to make love to her. She points out to him his defection from ethical paths, but the wicked fellow persists, until it is necessary for her to wax defensive. There follows a duel of weapons or fists, in which the lady warrior, symbol of goodness and beauty, conquers.

This episode is received by applause from the audience. They applaud more loudly when the man and woman vie again, and Miss Chan is again victorious. Shofan, humiliated at his defeat, wishes to commit suicide. But the mother-warrior brings all her charms to play against his dark intention, and finally wins him back to life. The struggle between them is a spirited spectacle and withal an amusing though sentimental allegory. Seeing Miss Chan in action, one is willing to accept without comment the historical fact that two women ruled China in the 1860's.

SCHOLASTIC ROMANCE

THE more sentimental moments are those in which Ying Ying or Miss Tom Fee Jong is active. With her entrance, the seven musicians begin a syncopated aria that plays upon the heart. Her utterance is the conventional falsetto of the Chinese female character, but if one has never heard that utterance it does not sound conventional. It has an unearthly ring, something like the fresh voice of a tropical bird, a gay-colored bird. She smiles, crosses and uncrosses her diminutive arms, articulates a naïve graciousness. Now the love theme.

Under the Manchus, the scholar was the head of the state. Ying Ying is always in trepidation as to the education of the young man with whom she has fallen in love. If he is not well educated, then it follows that he must be base born. More than one of the Ying Ying scenes takes place in the library. The charming girl interrogates her suitor upon the subject of Chinese literature, beginning with the better-known passages. The young man shows a flattering knowledge of the classics, and Ying Ying is delighted. At the conciousness of her own joy, she becomes embarrassed and raises her handkerchief before her face, provocative but shy, ashamed but happy. Later they are married.

THE CHINESE ACTRESS

SOMETIMES it is the fate of Ying Ying to have to listen to a sad story. It is then that she articulates the pathos known only to daughters of Kwanyin. As the story grows more sad, Ying Ying becomes more tearful. She weeps adorably. She interrupts the sad discourse in order to weep a bit before she listens again. Chinese mothers in the right-hand box get out their handkerchiefs also. The Chinese fathers clean their spectacles. The audience is bathed in a rhythm of tears.

Actresses in the Chinese theatre are comparative innovations. The lady parts were formerly taken by men. After witnessing the performances of Tom Fee Jong and of Chan Fei Wang, one can only congratulate the Chinese theatre on having acquired a new tradition. In some of the plays produced here, several women characters are required for the action, and as the company boasts but two women, men are introduced in these parts.

The entire stock company at the 235 Bowery establishment is under the direction of an old Chinese actor in his sixties, who was famous for twenty years in China for his enaction of women's parts. He has almost lost his voice now and makes but occasional appearances on the stage, usually in the rôle of a servant who does not speak. He has an immobile Pierrot face, with small bright eyes.

The company is under contract for at least a year's run in New York. They will produce historical, religious and military plays of the classical sort and a number of burlesques and Chinese vaudevilles during that time. Whoever goes to the Chinese theatre can gamble safely on three things, whatever the play: The hero will eventually become a scholar, the scholar will marry Ying Ying, and if the widowed mother engages in a combat, her opponent will lose. There is one other truism that I have mentioned but not stressed. The Chinese drama is highly moral. If the Chinese theatre boasted a curtain, it would fall unfailingly night after night on a scene of rewarded virtue and punished vice. Realism, as we know it on the American stage, is as yet an undiscovered fowl in China.

Bon Ton CORSETS
TRADE MARK

DORIS KENYON

Last picture, "If I Ever Marry Again"—*is now starring in* "I Want My Man

"I CERTAINLY like Bon Ton Corsets. They never need 'Breaking in'—always fit like a glove and hold their shape long past the life of more expensive corsets."

DORIS KENYON

WOMEN who remain in the spotlight of fashion never neglect their figures. They are the leaders in the fine art of dressing well. These women select the Bon Ton model just suited to their need and let others envy the finished result. For Bon Ton Corsets combine corset comfort with a fashion foundation *sans reproche.*

In no other corset will be found finer materials or finer workmanship.

You'll find Bon Ton models for every figure—carried by all leading stores and specialty shops here and abroad—at prices any woman can easily afford.

ROYAL WORCESTER CORSET CO.

New York Chicago WORCESTER San Francisco London

Let us send you the very clever Fashion Booklet, "Told in Negligee"

The Bon Ton *Brassiere Cor-Set from* $3.50 *up.*

Other Corset models from $3.50 *to* $25

Carolina Folk Plays

A FASCINATING CONTRIBUTION TO OUR DRAMATIC LITERATURE

Edited with an introduction on Folk Playmaking by Professor Frederick H. Koch of the University of North Carolina, who founded the Dakota Playmakers and the Carolina Playmakers.

An appendix on the dialect by Professor Tom Peete Cross, and illustrations on the actual productions. Five plays: Elizabeth A. Lays' "When Witches Ride" (3 m., 1 w.)—Harold Williamson's "Peggy," the tragedy of a tenant farmer's daughter (4 m., 2 w. and a boy)—Heffner's "Dod Gast Ye Both," a moonshiner's comedy (6 m., 1 w., a thicket in the mountains)—Dougald Macmillan's "Off Nag's Head or The Bell Buoy." Of an old woman, a mad storm and land pirates (2 m., 4 w.)—Paul Green's "The Last of the Lowries" (Croatan Outlaws, 1 m., 3 w.).

These plays are the most significant examples of American Folk Drama. They were successfully given under the direction of Prof. Koch by his students in the Carolina Mountains. With the exception of the third, all could be given in a single hut interior, slightly varied. The clear illustrations should be a great help in setting and costume. Simple and easy to act as these plays are, they are frequently strongly emotional, yet absolutely "clean." Has Professor Koch done for America what the Abbey Players did for Ireland?

What the Reviewers Say

Walter Prichard Eaton in The Drama: "Frederick Koch is doing a wonderful work. . . . He is teaching young people to write their own plays, about their own people and their lives, stage them, costume them, act them."

Paul L. Benjamin in The Survey: "A rich and splendid vein of our native drama."

YOU CAN GET THIS BOOK FREE

"Carolina Folk Plays" sells at $1.75. You can get it FREE with one new yearly subscription to Theatre Magazine.

GRASP THIS OPPORTUNITY

Theatre Magazine,
2 West 45th St., New York.

Gentlemen:

I enclose herewith $4.00, for which please enter the following yearly subscription and send me FREE, a copy of "Carolina Folk Plays."

.....

.....

My Name.....

My Address.....

Foreign custom duties extra

IF I WERE YOU——

(*Continued from page* 12)

Isn't it laughable that old Ephraim's new wife should set her cap for his best-despised son on her wedding night? It's my kind of laughter anyhow. As to all their foibles and amusing eccentricities, I haven't got time for them.

MR. DAVIS: No, I see. You leave out what doesn't contribute to your sardonic laughter. Well, that might be all right if you didn't extend the same sort of selection to your story, your incidents and your point of view.

MR. O'NEILL: Oh, yes, I know. My critics claim I have myopia, stygmatism, cataract and gallstones because I don't see everything they would like to see. *Desire Under the Elms,* they say, is either a one-sided tragedy or no tragedy at all because it is hopeless to start with. Because I have omitted to draw a picture of inexorable Fate creeping down on people who are fighting bravely for ideals, they say I don't know how to write tragedy. The fall of my people leaves them cold because the people have never risen and so forth. Hell and damnation! Do they think a New England farm in 1850 was the scene for a Greek tragedy? Do they think those people weren't as stunted and run-out as their apple trees? And what of this Greek Fate I hear so much about? Why, it had ground them to pulp before I ever got hold of them. The epic of a New England farm is an epic of hopelessness, and if I have made that clear I don't care whether I have written a tragedy according to their formula or not.

MR. DAVIS: Yes, that's all very fine and independent, but don't you overlook the fact that a play doesn't consist of the author's view-point alone? Isn't it a co-operation between author and actors and audience? You can't leave the audience out—I've learned that. You've got to dramatize it just as much as you have to dramatize your stage characters. And one of the chief things you have to dramatize in an audience is its hopefulness. It wants certain things to come true and——

MR. O'NEILL: Ah! Now I understand why *Lazybones* fizzled out so. That's what your last act was—a dramatization of the audience instead of a dramatization of your play. I suppose—I don't know, but I suppose—you felt that your audience wanted to see the good-hearted Lazybones successful in spite of himself. All the mean-spirited people around him had considered him hopeless—and he was just as hopeless as my Abbey or Eben or Ephraim—but you figured that to make him amount to something in the end would be a judgment on that community which the audience would relish. So you gave him a new garage, a new front fence, mechanical genius and a woman who made him work. And you sent every lazy lummox in the audience home with the conviction that his very laziness was a guarantee of his success. Truthfully, isn't this a cheating and insidious philosophy? And as playwriting of life, isn't it just as hopeless as my tragedy—hopelessly out of date, I mean? That sort of ending *might* have grown out of the barren soil of New England, but its native habitat is Broadway, the George M. Cohan Theatre especially.

MR. DAVIS: Well, perhaps my old habits tyrannize over me sometimes without my knowing it. I thought *Lazybones* was a great play, I really did, and I'll tell you why. It had everything, pathos, sentiment, tears, laughter—genuine humor—but most of all it had restraint. Whatever else that ending turned out to be, no one can deny that it was done with restraint. Lazybones wasn't reformed altogether—he was lazy to the last. And I didn't go out of my way to punish the evildoers; I left it to Time to work its revenge. That's not easy for a man of my training. I didn't bring to grief the city feller who had wronged the girl. Why, I didn't even bring him on the stage!

MR. O'NEILL: Good! Maybe if you'd restrained yourself from dramatizing your audience so much, things might have been different. Personally, I can't handle restraint so much. You can't handle New England with gloves. You won't get the irony of it if you do. Now, in that scene where Abbey seduces Eben, supposing I had let them finish the scene in the bedroom? Suppose I hadn't made her take him down to the musty old parlor where his mother's ghost was? That was what amused me—the bitter irony of Abbey's invoking that clammy ghost to surrender her son. What's the matter? What are you thinking about?

MR. DAVIS: Oh, I'm just thinking how they used to accuse *me* of being sensational in order to get a kick. But go on.

MR. O'NEILL: And at the christening party—everyone but old Ephraim knew that the new-born babe wasn't his son, and they made ribald jokes about it, but he was too drunk with the thought of having begot an heir to understand. Supposing I had used restraint there?

MR. DAVIS: Well, anyway, I admire your nerve. I sometimes wonder if it doesn't get you further than all my experience. And then again——

MR. O'NEILL: Yes?

MR. DAVIS: I wouldn't trade my experience for anything.

MR. O'NEILL: And I hope experience will never prevent me from saying things as I want to.

MR. DAVIS: It's a good thing we're attached to our own methods, isn't it? . . . How's your boy?

MR. O'NEILL: Fine! But look here! You've brought up youngsters. Perhaps you could give me some advice . . .

A Charm
more Potent than Perfume Itself

Over in Europe women who are noted for their loveliness are using a charm which comparatively few American women as yet appreciate.

It is an after-the-bath "dusting powder" which surrounds the body with a subtly provocative aura that is not so much a fragrance as a breath of immaculate cleanliness—an air of springtime freshness that *lasts thruout the day* and is all the more alluring because it seems so natural.

This powder neutralizes all body odors; but it is much more than a deodorant. It soothes the skin, but it is much more than a talcum. It is a charm that makes you more than lovely—lovable.

Frankly, this powder is expensive. But it is utterly unique. It is known as "Morny Dusting Powder." If you do not use it, a rare treat awaits your discovery of it.

Morny also makes a wonderfully fine face powder and a delightful talcum. Like Morny Dusting Powder, these products may be had in various odeurs, of which we recommend in particular, "Chaminade", used in seven royal courts. They are for sale by all the best retailers of perfumes and toilet luxuries.

MAURICE LÉVY
Sole Wholesale Distributors in the U. S. A.
120 West 41st Street, N. Y. C.

Maurice Lévy, 120 West 41st St., N. Y.
I enclose 50c for The Morny Week-End Package containing specimens of 7 imported Morny products valued at two dollars—the ideal way to become acquainted with the finest of all toilet luxuries.

Name .....

Address .....

T4

MORNY

Paris and London

Chaminade Dusting Powder	$3.75 a box
Chaminade Face Powder	$3.75 a box
Chaminade Talc	$1.50 a bottle
Chaminade Soap	$1.00 a cake
Chaminade Bath Salts	$3 and $7.50 a bottle

For Travelers—individual cubes, each sufficient for a bath, $3 a box of 1 dozen

Also extract, toilet water, creams and other toilet luxuries.

No. 270

No. 275

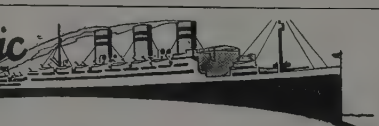
Footwear Made on the Real French Last

Delightful Creations that embrace all the desired materials in favored Styles for Spring—Illustrated in "Modes of the Moment." Sent on request.

CARCION MANFRE & Co.
MAISON FRANÇAISE

15 West 50th Street 986 Sixth Avenue
New York

Across the Atlantic



FRANCE	ENGLAND	IRELAND	GERMANY
Cherbourg	*Southampton*	*Cobh (Queenstown)*	*Hamburg*

UNOBTRUSIVE service provides for every detail of enjoyment, world famed cuisine contributes to the benefits of the voyage, decorations and appointments create a congenial club atmosphere.

Luxurious suites and staterooms, terrace cafe, swimming pool, winter garden, etc., on the *deluxe* steamers—comfort and spaciousness on the *cabin* steamers—maintain standards of trans-Atlantic service known around the World.

De Luxe Steamers
RESOLUTE RELIANCE ALBERT BALLIN
DEUTSCHLAND

Cabin Steamers
CLEVELAND THURINGIA WESTPHALIA
MOUNT CLAY

For Schedule and Booklet Apply to

UNITED AMERICAN LINES
(HARRIMAN LINE) *Joint Service with*
HAMBURG AMERICAN LINE

35-39 Broadway, New York; 131 State St., Boston; 230 South 15th St., Philadelphia; 177 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago; 574 Market St., San Francisco; 87 St. James St., Montreal; or local agents.

Two WORLD CRUISES 3½ months delightful cruising—on the 20,000-ton Resolute specially adapted to Cruise service. Sails Oct. 24th (from New York), Feb. 9, 1926 (from San Francisco) under our sole management afloat and ashore—UNITED AMERICAN LINES.

THE POIGNANT WOMEN OF PAULINE LORD

(*Continued from page* 20)

ter of fact, don't you think the stage has created the impression in the lay mind that ladies with a blot on the moral 'scutcheon are much more human and humane than the unswerving followers of the straight and narrow path?"

"No, I don't think so," replied Miss Lord. "I do think, though, that a knowledge of the helpless and hopeless struggle of an unfortunate woman beaten by life stirs the sympathies of an audience. It doesn't have to be merely one category of misfortune that beats her. That is what Eugene O'Neill projects into his characters. Few playwrights respond so deeply to human suffering as O'Neill. That is where sensitiveness and fineness shows unmistakably in the writing of drama. Sidney Howard's understanding of the hunger and longing for beauty in the soul of Amy, the waitress, comes only from a sensitized reaction to life."

"But what rôle——"

"Honestly," she interrupted, "I can't outline definitely what I want to do. But with all the shadows I am wrapped in, I occasionally long for a little sunshine. In other words, I like comedy, and the rôle I believe I most enjoyed playing was in *The Sins of Cinderella.* But it never reached New York. So many of the parts I enjoy, personally, are in plays that are failures."

"So many discuss the equality of speech and intonation. Just how did you sense the effectiveness of the tone you use throughout the rôle of Amy?"

"You mean I use the same tone? I'm not conscious of it. It seems to me I go from the strident to the soft. Whatever tone I use, it is because I feel that is expressive of Amy. It is the way I sense she would have talked. I can't explain why. I'm afraid I'm not much of an analyst."

Having a well-founded belief that genius is often inarticulate in explaining itself in terms other than its own special mode of expression, I understood Miss Lord's attitude.

There is a certain timidity which is not shyness nor remoteness about Pauline Lord. It is a sensitiveness which comes from a deep feeling for authentic art. Both on and off the stage she is a pleasant relief against that positive, unwavering background of aggressive self-sufficiency which foreigners like to call "typically American."

She is both understanding and understandable. This is true, even though she refuses to supply a diagram of her aspirations other than a belief in Cellini's policy to avoid making too many salt-cellars.

PLAYS AND REVUES ON BERLIN'S STAGE

(*Continued from page* 28)

would find little favor in New York. It is a bit too raw for us.

There are two Berlin actresses that Americans simply must not fail to see. As all New York will not go to Berlin, these two rare artists will have to travel to Broadway. One of them, Fritzi Massary, is going to you in April. The other, Elizabeth Bergner, may go to America—but not until next year.

Elizabeth Bergner is the Duse of Central Europe. She is still young—only twenty-eight—but her success in Shakespearian, Strindberg and Shavian rôles lead most people to think of her in terms of middle age. At present she is playing Joan in the Max Reinhardt production of Shaw's *Saint Joan* at the Kammerspiele. Stolid Berliners at the opening night cheered and called for "Bergner, Bergner!" long after the lights were out.

FOR many years Bergner played, unrecognized, unpraised, in Munich, Zurich and Vienna. In Vienna the critic Polgar discovered her. At the invitation of Victor Barnosky, she came to the Lessing Theatre in Berlin and played for the first time Strindberg's *Fräulein Julie.* Her characterization proved a sensation. Out of a part that consumed but three-quarters of an hour, she lengthened and improvised entire scenes with such startling force and clarity that no one in the audience realized that two hours had passed instead of the usual three-quarters of an hour.

Several weeks later she appeared as Rosalind in *As You Like It* and again she inserted lines and complete passages that Shakespeare had never written. The play, which began at seven, never closed until after midnight, when Bergner was in the mood.

She has the repressed, nervous gestures of Duse, but the voice is more like that of Maude Adams—a sort of choky, mustard-colored voice that can break suddenly into brief gold chuckles or into the molten-lead color of starved-out sobs. She is so thin that her brown eyes stand out of her face like the old-fashioned, heart-shaped lockets on the narrow, white-clad chest of a little girl.

She shares Duse's predilection for ill health and a morbid sensitiveness that one can only pity but which no one can cure. For some, these form the peculiar springboards for their art.

No Hooks - No Eyes - No Elastic - No Bones

Snuggleband—Trade Mark—Pat. Reg. U. S. and Canada

The Snuggleband

THERE was a time when Fashion took the form of grace and beauty with which Nature endowed woman and distorted it into unlovely, artificial lines—like the hour-glass figure of our grandmother's day.

But today Fashion demands a youthful figure, trim and neat, yet unhampered in its freedom of movement. To serve this ideal the Snuggleband was especially designed of luxurious satin, without bones or constricting elastic—so cut that it holds the figure in lines of natural grace and affords a fitting foundation for the straight-line silhouette.

The Snuggleband is easily adjusted—it "wraps" across the back, buttoning in the middle and on either side—six buttons in all, no hooks or eyes. Launders as easily as your lingerie. In pink or white, price $12. Also offered in imported English mercerized broadcloth at $9.

The Bromley Panty-brassiere, sketched on the left, is a combination brassiere and step-in of heavy glove silk, which buttons on to the Snuggleband, making a three-in-one garment which cannot get out of place. Or you can buy the Bromley straight-line brassiere of glove silk, which buttons on to the Snuggleband, making a two-in-one garment which "stays put." Panty-brassiere, $12; Bromley brassiere, $4.

THE BROMLEY SHEPARD CO., INC., 44 Paige Street, Lowell, Mass.

The Snuggleband is sold at the following stores. If your favorite shop cannot supply you, write us direct sending bust and low waist measure.

New York
Best & Co.
Bonwit Teller
Franklin Simon
Jay Thorpe
Lord & Taylor
Saks Fifth Avenue

New York—Cont.
Wanamaker
Boone, Iowa
Snyder Anderson
Boston
Jordan Marsh
R. H. White Co.

Buffalo
Flint & Kent
Chicago
Marshall Field
Cincinnati—Lawton
Hartford, Conn.
G Fox & Co., Inc.

Huntington, W. Va.
Zenner Bradshal
Little Rock, Ark.
M. M. Cohn
Los Angeles
Bullock
Robinson

Minneapolis
E. E. Atkinson & Co.
Philadelphia
Bonwit Teller
Strawbridge Clothier
Wanamaker

Pittsburgh
Joseph Horne
Providence
Gladding
Richmond, Va.
Cohen Co.

San Francisco
City of Paris
St. Louis
Stix, Baer & Fuller
Toledo
LaSalle & Koch

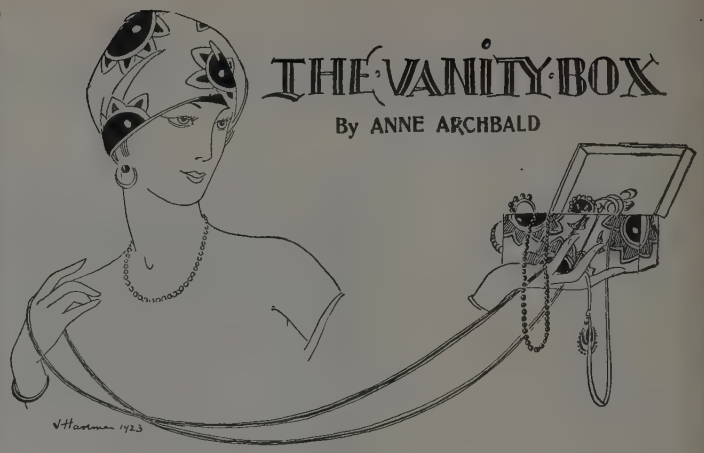
Washington
Julius Garfinckel
Wheeling, W. Va.
Stone & Thomas
Wilmette, Ill.
N. A. Hanna Co.
Winnipeg—Robinson

L. P. HOLLANDER COMPANY

Spring Costumes of rare charm and timely smartness for gentlewomen

Gowns
Millinery
Suits
Coats
Evening Wraps
Misses Dresses
Young Girls' Costumes
Tea Gowns
Lingerie
Infants Outfits
All Accessories for Ladies Apparel

NEW YORK
552 Fifth Avenue
BOSTON
Boylston Street and Park Square



THE VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

VIVIENNE OSBORNE is an adorable creature and makes the sweetest and most captivating of "Butterflys," . . pardon me, . . of "Golden Fragrances," . . in the newest Eurasian play, *Houses of Sand,* where East is again melodramatically encountering West.

We were privileged one evening, before the play, to see Miss Osborne putting on "Golden Fragrances's" make-up. And while she concentrated on beading her long thick eyelashes we concentrated on staring, . . word in five letters meaning to gaze with all one's eyes, . . at her. Than which nothing less suffices for so intriguing a person.

You want to find out, for instance, whether that beautiful close-grained complexion is really real, or is it the *cosmetique* that makes it seem so? And even Miss Osborne could hardly blame one for being skeptical and looking twice at her skin, since it appears almost too good to be true. But a scrutinizing glance proves that it is indeed all her own. And then, after that is settled to your satisfaction, you want to make a mental measurement of her eyelashes, . . and before you have gone very far there you are distracted by the shape of her mouth, which dimples at the corners and shows her white teeth as she speaks. . . And so back again to her complexion, which compels to an admiring outburst.

It was very sweet of us to say all that, thought Miss Osborne, but her reaction to it was a bit on the order of "What, *this* old thing!" . . Complexions were quite simple affairs, she seemed to feel, to be taken lightly and easily. Would that we all had the gift of them and could!

Nevertheless, she was willing to talk about her latest discovery in beauty specialists, "who had, among other things, a wonderful cream," . . a "Pore Paste" that closed up all the little pores of the skin as tight as tight could be, and gave that fine-grained look without which, as we well know, as skin is virtually nothing.

And then this same beauty specialist—there were a lot of society women and actresses who were now going to her—had another wonderful preparation, . . a "Rose-Petal Cream," which was a powder base and a mild astringent as well, thereby beautifying and working for your skin at the same time. Also a totally new powder, called "Mirage," which "went" for every complexion. Miss Osborne had seen several friends of the most diverse types of coloring use it, and in every case it appeared as if made for the person.

And there we had to depart, or Miss Osborne would never have reached the stage in time for the first act. We did so want to discuss the latest bob with her, too.

However, we can tell you about it. It has just arrived from Paris, and the idea is based on the way the European dandies of a past period—I think it was around 1830—used to brush their hair, . . that is with the part straight down the back. You can have a part running straight over the top of the head from forehead to neck, or the part can be slightly to either side. But part there must be, if it is to have the latest touch.

The only difficulty about having it is that there is but one *coiffeur* in New York who can cut it as it really should be cut, so that the long hair from the top will merge gradually and gracefully with the short hair at the neck and no ragged ends be left to stick out. This artist *coiffeur* is a young Frenchman who has just arrived from Paris, and the explanation of why he is the only one who knows the secret of the cut is because he invented it. He calls it the *"Embrassez-moi,"* or "Kiss-me" bob, because it makes the back of the head and the "nuque" look so adorable and appealing.

For the name of the beauty specialist mentioned and where her "Pore Paste," "Rose-Petal Cream" and "Mirage" powder may be purchased, also the name and address of the French coiffeur giving the "Kiss-me" bob, write The Vanity Box, care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, *2 West 45th Street, New York City.*

Pleasure Seekers the Nation Over

find Beauty and Comfort

in

American Seating Company

Theatre Chairs

Wider horizons

. . . *through coupons*

Coupons from well secured bonds pay for breathing spells. They broaden the opportunity—to be more, see more, do more. Regular investment in the high-grade bonds we recommend increases the income scope of your funds. Experienced counsel at your service. Offices in more than 50 leading cities.

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY

National City Bank Building, New York

BONDS SHORT TERM NOTES ACCEPTANCES

A Book That No Amateur Group Can Do Without

PRODUCING IN LITTLE THEATRES

BY CLARENCE STRATTON

The fullest, most up-to-date and helpful book on play producing; over seventy pictures of stage settings and scenes from plays successfully produced by amateur groups.

Chapters From the Book

Interest in Dramatic Production
Organizing an Amateur Group
Choosing the Play
Some Specimen Programs
Rehearsing the Play
Artistic Amateur Settings
Creating the Stage Picture
Costumes and Make-up
Lighting
Experimenting
Educational Dramatics
Annotated List of Two Hundred Plays for Amateurs

What the Reviewers Say

Brander Matthews in New York Times: "A model manual, sane and sensible, helpful and practical . . . A word of praise must be given to the many illustrations . . . selected to adorn this book. . . . Immediately helpful."

New York Literary Review: "The most important book for the small stage and one of the most practical additions to theatrical literature for some time past."

St. Louis Star: "The amateur producer is bound to appreciate these pages particularly."

Hartford Courant: "It is impossible to over-estimate the value of this book as a practical and stimulating help."

YOU CAN GET THIS BOOK FREE

"Producing in Little Theatres" sells at $2.90. You can get this invaluable book FREE with two yearly subscriptions—either two new, or an extension of your own subscription and one new subscription.

GRASP THIS OPPORTUNITY

Theatre Magazine,
2 West 45th St., New York.

Gentlemen:
I enclose herewith $8.00, for which please enter the following subscriptions and send me a copy of Clarence Stratton's book, "Producing in Little Theatres," FREE.

.....

.....

My Name.....

My Address.....

Foreign custom duties extra

CONFESSIONS OF A PLAYWRIGHT

(*Continued from page 26*)

there are two things for which he was originally responsible, and against which I have been ever since in revolt.

The first of these is the system he inaugurated of making leading ladies of the hithertc "ingénues" of the country. Maude Adams may have been entitled to this distinction. Hers was an exceptionally compelling personality, and she combined with the charm of ingenuousness a pathetic strength that placed her in a class by herself. But for season after season, young and inexperienced girls usurped the place hitherto held by trained actresses. He exploited but few plays in which the interest centered around strongly dramatic feminine characters. Viola Allen in *Sowing the Wind* was, I think, the last one of the seasoned actresses whom he called "leading lady." Thereafter the negative, mild type became his idea of a leading woman. He has been so religiously followed by other managers (for imitation is the average manager's chief asset), that the earlier conception of a leading woman—meaning one who has force and authority as well as charm, was almost completely lost.

The other innovation which Charles Frohman fathered was the system of first producing his plays in small towns and getting them into "shape" before bringing them into New York. This involved the transportation of scenery, properties, and all accessories for a night or two into some outlying district—"dog" town.

Now while this may, at first blush, seem a wise device for ensuring a smooth performance in New York, where the only verdict that counts is supposed to be rendered, it has brought in its train some very disastrous conditions in the theatre-world to-day.

As theatres are now run—all of them under the control of one or the other of two syndicates, the Erlanger and the Shubert group—the cost entailed upon the independent producer, who strives to get a hearing for his play in New York, must be the main consideration.

THE COST OF THE "DOG"

LET us suppose that a man who has a capital of, say, ten thousand dollars wishes to enter the field with a play he considers worthy of exploitation. It will take, leaving out of the question the experimental preliminary trip, nearly his whole capital to secure a New York house. The Syndicate demands, on an average, a guarantee of four thousand dollars a week for any of its theatres. For that it furnishes an absolutely empty stage. In former times the theatres had scenery, properties and furniture, which you could use if they suited you, but to-day the stage is three bare walls, and every article that appears in the play, even down to a pen or a piece of blotting paper, has to be furnished by the producer.

The Syndicate furnishes its building, heated and lighted, its ushers and box-office staff, a limited number of stage hands (never, as a rule, sufficient for the production), and a nominal amount of advertising. All the other expenses, which include scenery, furniture, properties, the salaries of the actors, the extra stage hands, pictorial and newspaper advertising (above such a small amount as to be called negligible) must be met by the incoming producer.

The receipts are divided as a rule on a fifty-fifty basis. In the case of musical plays, or other lavish productions, the attraction gets a little higher terms, but for the purposes of illustration I am contemplating the production of a simple comedy requiring a comparatively modest scenic outfit, costing from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars.

ANOTHER SIDE TO THE PICTURE

NOW the success of the enterprise from a box-office point of view rests entirely upon the verdict of the first night's performance. It may happen once in twenty-five times that all conditions are favorable. The public likes the play. The press in a rare moment of enthusiasm grows fiercely vocal in singing its praises. The audiences flock! The houses are crowded! The new *entrepreneur* becomes a factor in the theatre world overnight.

But the other, and far more frequent, side of the picture is this—the play, in vulgar parlance, does not "catch on." The press may be even mildly laudatory. The attraction dies. In two weeks it disappears from the boards, and a new play launched in an exactly similar way bargains for the use of the house, and the cycle of moribund plays swings on, each time to the profit of the theatre-owner and the ruin of the producer.

Now the fact that I am trying to emphasize in all this, is that under existing conditions the disaster of the man with the modest capital is primarily due to the system of trying his play out on the road before bringing it into New York.

Inasmuch as the only criterion of success rests with his New York opening—inasmuch as the capital he must use for this only commensurate test, is largely exhausted before he reaches New York at all—inasmuch as the smoothness of the performance is only a small factor compared with the unknown something that makes "the hit," would it not be a more rational plan for the new-comer to do as all our earlier and greater men did years ago—open boldly in New York, and since Chance must in any case decide, put his fate to the touch and risk to win or lose all on the New York verdict?

Augustin Daly never tried his plays out on the road. His Tues-

Maillard

Confections

Luncheon
—Tea—

NEW YORK
Madison Avenue
at 47th Street

CHICAGO
Michigan at Jackson

Joseph Schildkraut as Benvenuto Cellini in "*The Firebrand.*"

He dared to tell the whole world!

DO YOU know this man? He is one of the great artists, and one of the most artistic scoundrels of history.

Benvenuto Cellini exceeds in vivid picturesqueness even the riotous time in which he lived. His almost unbelievable effrontery to kings and princes, his love affairs, his fights with his rivals—all these he tells with an utter frankness, free from any hampering sense of shame, that takes your breath away. And back of it all you see, as you never saw before, the glitter and glare, the licentiousness and violence of the Middle Ages.

His is one of the few really great autobiographies. And it is only one volume of that fascinating and monumental library,

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

—that great collection of the literature you should know, and *must know,* to take your place in the modern social and business world.

In all literature there are only a few enduringly great essays, poems, novels, works of science and history. To know them is to be really well read. Not to know them is to be handicapped in every line of modern human endeavor.

What are these great books? Where can a busy man or woman find them?

These questions are answered in an attractive free booklet which you may have for the mere asking. It tells clearly and interestingly how President Emeritus Charles W. Eliot of Harvard, out of his fifty years of reading, study and executive work, has selected for you the immortal writings that contain the essentials of a liberal education. It tells how he edited them with notes and reading courses so that any busy man or woman, in only fifteen minutes a day, can get from these "Harvard Classics" that broad knowledge of life, that cultivated viewpoint, that are the tools of success in life.

Will you spend a pleasant half hour with this entertaining book? One man writes, "To me, your little free book has meant a big step forward, and it has shown me besides the way to a vast new world of pleasure."

May we send it to you? The coupon will bring it. Tear out and mail the coupon *to-day.*

This is the famous little book which gives Dr. Eliot's advice on what and how to read for a liberal education. Send for it. It's free.

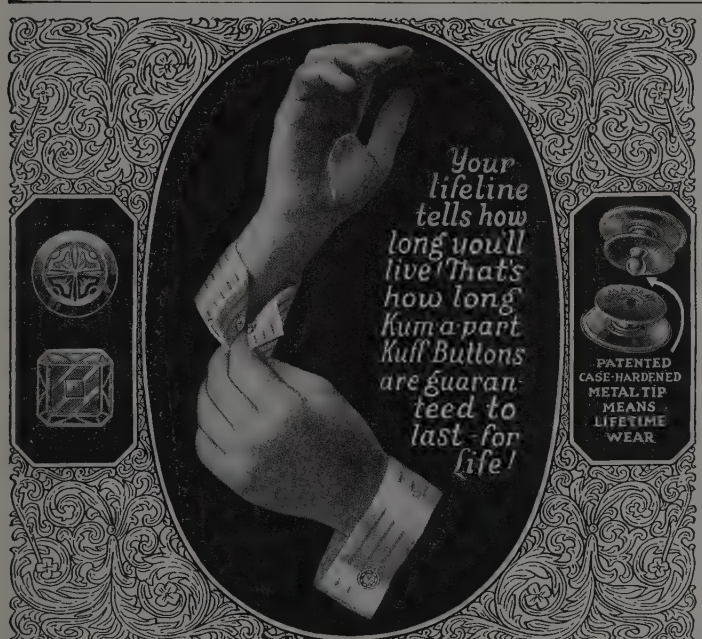
P. F. Collier & Son Company
250 Park Avenue, New York City

By mail, free, send me the little guidebook to the most famous books in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics) and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot of Harvard.

Name.. { Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....

Address.....

..... 3119 HCL-L.


Your lifeline tells how long you'll live! That's how long Kum-a-part Kuff Buttons are guaranteed to last—for life!
PATENTED CASE-HARDENED METAL TIP MEANS LIFETIME WEAR

In cuff buttons the Kum-a-Part is the usual choice of men who could well afford to neglect the details of dress, but *don't.*

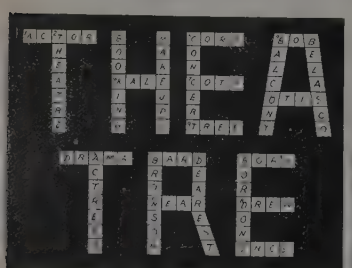
The designs appeal to their good taste; the lifetime guarantee to their good judgment. But they're not Kum-a-part unless they're *stampt* Kum-a-part. Look when you buy.

Write for Correct Dress Chart-E.

KUM-A-PART
UFF BUTTON
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Baer & Wilde Co. Attleboro, Mass.

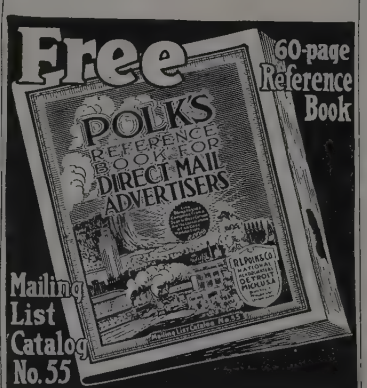
FATIMA
TURKISH BLEND CIGARETTES
Cameron & Cameron Co.
RICHMOND, VA.
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO. SUCCESSOR
What a whale of a difference just a few cents make



←Answer to last month's puzzle

"Best By Attest"
ORIGINAL ROMEIKE
CLIPPING BUREAU
ESTABLISHED 1881
220 W. NINETEENTH ST., N. Y.
PHONE CHELSEA 8860

IF YOU ARE COMING TO NEW YORK
Write for a copy of
THE PLAY GUIDE



POLK'S REFERENCE BOOK
FOR DIRECT MAIL ADVERTISERS
Shows how to increase your business by the use of Direct Mail Advertising. 60 pages full of vital business facts and figures. Who, where and how many prospects you have. Over 8,000 lines of business covered.
Write for your FREE copy.
R. L. POLK & CO., Detroit, Mich.
POLK BUILDING
Branches in principal cities of U. S.

day night openings in New York were an event, and it may even be questioned whether what is gained by an alleged smoothness is not counterbalanced by the absence of that electric quality in the acting which is inherent only in a first-night performance.

Of course, Daly was a masterful director. Of course, also he gave more than one dress rehearsal. Of course, finally, his professional and technical knowledge of the value of a play—possessed by a piteously small number of managers—gave him the confidence of an expert. He did not have to let "tryout" performances either take the place of dress rehearsals or establish for him whether a play was worth producing.

FALLACY OF ROAD REPORTS

THE manner in which a play is received on the road means absolutely nothing as regards its life in New York. Some plays have been pronounced a "riot"—which is the current word for a phenomenal hit—and the beaming manager has looked forward to a triumphant entry into New York, only to realize a funeral march. On the other hand, a few plays exploited before the "dogs" that seemed to die of inanition, plays upon which all the knowing ones, gathered out of town for tryout, voted "Thumbs down," have come into town, and by caprice of Fate and the Press have taken New York by storm.

There was recently playing in the city at this moment a delicate comedy by Rachel Crothers, entitled *Expressing Willie,* and it is a matter of history that no less than eight men, the lights of the managerial world, had decided that "it did not have a chance." It is one of the successes of the season, and has provided the Equity Players with their first money-maker.

It might be easily argued, in contravention of what I have set forth above, that such a small capital as ten thousand dollars is sufficient. But I am taking conditions as they are. That is the customary sum with which the average newcomer fortifies himself for a simple comedy. He stands for the type of man the Syndicate fattens on. He accounts for the manager's ability to keep his house open practically every week in the year at another man's expense, and that explains the theatre manager's creed: "There's a new one born every minute."

It may cause some wonder why I, whose only claim to recognition lies in the writing of plays, should so much concern myself and be so conversant with the purely business side of the theatre. Alas! I have on more than one occasion been that man who aspired to feed the Syndicate. Every man who writes plays must at some time or other be pregnant with ideas which do not appeal to the purely commercial producers. He can't help the ideas. They are part and parcel of his "make-up." He thinks no less of them because they have failed to impress the business man. On the contrary. Then he shows the courage of his convictions by becoming his own capitalist and falling by the wayside.

It has been after repeated sacrifices of my hard-earned royalties that I have gained the conviction that the road to ruin lies in these preliminary try-outs. A number of authors are facing the same problems, and it is for their benefit I am baring my quivering heart-strings.

Channing Pollock's experience with his recent and most prosperous play, *The Fool,* may be cited as an indication of what at least one author had the hardihood to do. His play was sneered at by the managers. He finally took a chance and brought it out himself—with what happy results we all know.

The "happy result" for the producing author is, however, by no means a foregone conclusion. It cost me thirty thousand dollars to try to convince the public that the play I wrote immediately following *The Senator—The Stepping Stone*—was the greatest I had ever written.

Those who saw it are still in doubt.

When some kind friend meets the author in the lobby after any performance of his play, which has shown symptoms of early decay, and patting him encouragingly on the back, observes, "Do you know *I* (with emphasis on the I) like this play!" you may know that its knell has been rung. No private circle of friends, however vast, can atone for the absence of the universal throng, and that grim emphasis on the first person singular gives you a feeling of gloomy isolation.

Augustus Thomas, with whom I have in a manner grown up in my profession, also tells of just such a greeting that was extended to him when he was waiting after the performance of one of his plays, *The Capitol,* at the Standard Theatre. It was from a dear old lady, a well-meaning neighbor of his in New Rochelle.

She had said in her most tranquilizing tone, "Do you know, Mr. Thomas, *I* like this play." And Augustus, with his well-known lift of the eyebrow, smilingly answered: "You can have it, madam!"

I have always wanted to have the sole and final decision in the choice of my cast, in the style of equipment as well as the method of advertising and exploiting my plays.

Every author will understand what this means in the matter of self-respect and self-satisfaction. It is not so many years back that the author, after he had delivered his play to the so-called manager, was relegated to a sphere of comparative uselessness and superfluity. When my very earliest plays were produced, before the '80s, one of the barbarous rules that prevailed in the theatre when the American author was a *rara avis* was that he was denied the right to attend rehearsals. That, of course, has died out. The playwright of to-day has at least a voice in the choice of cast.

(*To be continued*)

THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

of

THEATRE MAGAZINE

Will be celebrated in the MAY ISSUE, which will be a brilliant panorama in text and picture, of the achievements of the American Stage during the past quarter century—an invaluable record to be treasured by theatre-goers and theatre-lovers.

Twenty-five years of theatre-going! What a train of treasured memories the very thought conjures up. Favorite actors of to-day and yesterday. The eternal Drama—the spirit of Comedy—the glamor of Romance—the veiled figure of Tragedy. Glorious evenings at the play! Can they ever come back? Yes—in the Anniversary Number of THEATRE MAGAZINE.

A Few Features
of the
Anniversary Number

Six Thousand Plays were produced in New York in the last 25 years. How many of these did you see? There will be a complete list of them in the Anniversary Number.

When They First Knew Broadway. Reproductions of old photos showing players famous to-day, as they looked when starting on their careers.

The Stars of Yesterday. Where have they disappeared to—Viola Allen, Maud Adams, Annie Russell, Rose Stahl, Mabel Taliaferro? This article will tell you.

The Romance of Theatre Building. 25 years ago New York had perhaps a dozen first-class theatres; to-day she has 60! How they were built and who built them.

Among the distinguished contributors to this extraordinary issue are:

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, JOHN McCORMACK, DANIEL FROHMAN, ADOLPH ZUKOR, GEORGE GERSHWIN, OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, II, LAWRENCE LANGNER, COVARRUBIAS, DECKER

and many others

Astonishing Array of Beautiful Pictures! Number Double Usual SIZE!

HAVE YOU LEFT AN ORDER WITH YOUR NEWSDEALER?

SCHOOLS SCHOOLS

NED WAYBURN

Beautify Your Figure—Through Stage Dancing

Marvelous New Method, Perfected by Ned Wayburn, Helps You Quickly Acquire Health, Grace, Poise and a Perfect Figure—While Preparing You For Splendid Career if You Want to Go On the Stage.

NO matter what your ambitions for a career may be—health, grace, poise and beauty of figure are essential to success and happiness. Through Ned Wayburn's amazingly simple, quick, easy method, all these wonderful qualities can now be yours. It is exactly the same method Mr. Wayburn used to develop Evelyn Law, Ann Pennington, Marilyn Miller, Fred and Adele Astaire, and many other internationally famous stars. Every type of stage dancing is taught at the world-famous Ned Wayburn Studios! Our new illustrated booklet tells all about these courses. ***Write for it today.*** **Classes or Private Instruction for Adults or Children—BEGINNERS or Advanced Pupils.**

AMATEUR PRODUCTIONS JUST STAGED

Mr. Wayburn also offers a complete service for staging private or amateur entertainments, supplying all scenery, costumes, lighting effects, orchestrations, etc. Amateur productions recently staged include The Kansas City, Atlanta and Providence Junior League Shows, the Princeton Triangle Club's Annual Musical Comedy, "The Scarlet Coat," the Penn. State College Show, "Wooden Shoes," a New Musical Revue for the New York Edison Co., The Boston "Tech" Show, the New York Jewelers' 24-Karat Club Annual Entertainment and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, 2nd's, Persian Jazz Fête. ***Write for complete details of this service.***

COME and see our newly enlarged facilities—space more than doubled—now occupying TWO complete floors to accommodate the steadily increasing number of pupils coming to us from all parts of the world!

NED WAYBURN Studios of Stage Dancing Inc.

1841 Broadway, Studio AD (Entrance on 60th Street) New York City

Open 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. (Except Saturday Evenings and Sundays) Phone Columbus 3500

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

Founded 1884 by FRANKLIN H. SARGENT

Board of Trustees:

Daniel Frohman Augustus Thomas
John Drew Benjamin F. Roeder

The Leading Institution in America for Dramatic Art and Expressional Training

Fully equips for ACTING, TEACHING, DIRECTING

Develops Poise, Power, Personality for any vocation in life

New Spring Class begins April 1st

Also Extension Dramatic Courses in Co-operation with

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Catalogue describing all courses from Room 172-B

CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK

SCHOOL of the THEATRE

Threshold Players

DIRECTORS

CLARE TREE MAJOR FRANK CRAVEN
WALTER HAMPDEN ELSIE FERGUSON
GEORGE ARLISS RACHEL CROTHERS

Students play seven times weekly for six months before graduation—Professional Directors Only—Scenic Design — Production —Dancing — Fencing — Pantomime—Voice Development—Shakespearean Reading— Playwriting, etc. — Special evening classes for students employed during the day.

Summer Term Opens June 29th
Registration Limited.

Write for Catalog to the Director.

CLARE TREE MAJOR
Princess Theatre, 104 W. 39th St., New York City

ALVIENE SCHOOL of THEATRE ARTS EST. 1894

DRAMA OPERA SPEECH
STAGE DANCING
PHOTOPLAY SINGING

The success of Alviene graduates is due to masterful instruction, stock theatre experience while learning introducing students to New York audiences, plus an eminent faculty, including Rose Coghlan, of Peg Woffington fame; Roy Cochran, late with Ethel and John Barrymore's Claire de Lune Co., and Claude M. Alviene, who has taught Mary Pickford, Laurette Taylor, Eleanor Painter, Taylor Holmes, Dorothy Jardon, Mary Nash, Florence Nash, Fred and Adele Astaire, Evelyn Law, Dolly Sisters and others. For information write which study is desired to SECRETARY, 43 West 72nd St. (Ext. 24), New York

INTER-THEATRE ARTS SCHOOL OF ACTING AND PRODUCTION

The course includes practical training in acting, pantomime, diction, Dalcroze eurhythmics, scenery, costumes, stage lighting; and public performances.

Professional Affiliation with The Art Theatre, HENRY STILLMAN, Director.

For catalog of winter and summer courses, apply to

INTER-THEATRE ARTS, INC.
42 COMMERCE STREET NEW YORK

MARIARDEN

Peterborough ıı ıı New Hampshire

An Outdoor Stage *and* Summer School of Drama and Dance

8 Weeks' Course Beginning July 1st
Instruction by Prominent Professionals

Catalog address
MARIARDEN, Room 3018, 100 E. 45th Street, N. Y. C.

PERFECT FRENCH

for the layman, as well as those in the Profession, acquired by conversing and reading with a Parisian lady.

M. J., c/o Theatre Magazine
2 West 45th Street New York

SCREENS
FOR THE AMATEUR STAGE

A set of working drawings and plans for the manufacture of practical screens are offered our readers at the special rate of $7.50.

Address The Editor,
Amateur Stage Department
Theatre Magazine, 2 West 45th St., N. Y.

It's only necessary for the Jitney Players to park their Fords, and presto, a welcoming hillside becomes an outdoor theatre! The stage is but a Ford with the sides and back let down, the adjoining tents being used for dressing-rooms and sleeping quarters

THE JITNEY PLAYERS

(*Continued from page* 42)

support of telescoping stanchions. Here is where Mr. Shakespeare shines. This roof, now transformed into the "upper stage," may only park one actor or support only a speech, but it is strictly in accord with necessity and Hoyle.

Four more stanchions are produced like magic from the racks under the truck, each of which is set in a corner of the "middle stage," pointing straightway to Heaven. And over each of these is stretched a roof, produced from another rack. This covers the stage, and forthwith a set of curtains is produced and run along the sides. Another curtain is then run afront the proscenium, parting in the middle, to be drawn to the right and left. Then, oh, wonder of wonders! the "cyc" is stretched across the back, not only as scenery, we are told, but as a slicker for the Ford engine.

At each side of the stage are placed the tents, in such close proximity to the stage that they may be used as dressing-rooms, exits and entrances, and, best of all, at the end of a performance, sleeping quarters for the actors and actresses.

Perhaps one of the most fascinating features is the matter of lighting, for here ingeniousness has been taxed to its utmost. Instead of footlights the stage is equipped with strip lights, lights in strips to be hung up, stood up or laid down wherever and whenever feasible. There is another light, too, which is very cautiously and contraptiously changed from a "spot" to a "flood" and the reverse. These lights are even provided with "dimmers" to fade out, or give an actor or a set any varying degree of light. In addition, there are colored slides, so that the stage may be flooded with a dazzling gold, a hectic red or a plethoric blue.

To the credit of the rounded ingeniousness of the Jitney Players, mainly Mr. and Mrs. Cheney, it must be added that they played *The Loan of a Lover* in the spirit of the 1840's a full season before *Fashion* became the fashion in New York town.

Mr. Samuel Merwin, the novelist, is the coach and official director of the Jitney Players, and they have not only chosen wisely but performed well.

The rest of the Jitney list reads like an annual of Yale and Harvard activities, and here it is:

Bushnell Cheney, their director, organized the players in 1923. Mrs. Cheney, otherwise known as Alice Keating, understudied Rosalind Fuller as Ophelia in Mr. Barrymore's *Hamlet* and actually played the part.

John Collier is a Harvard 1924 man, a member of the Harvard Dramatic Club and The 47 Workshop, and is a skilled actor—already a member of the Boston Stock Company.

Arthur Roland Sircom and Richard Skinner, the former Yale, the latter Harvard, and each a member of their respective university dramatic clubs, have played elsewhere before joining with the Jitney Players.

Dorothy Coit played with Grace George, Frances Simpson with the Theatre Guild of New York.

And the very stage staff is composed of grads or undergrads with dramatic leanings and connections of either Harvard or Yale. JANE ELLIS.

SCHOOLS

The Williams School of Expression and Dramatic Art

GEORGE C. WILLIAMS, *Pres.*

Teachers' Lyceum, Dramatic and Personal Culture Courses. Private instruction with each course. Advanced courses in English. Graduates eligible to teach in New York State Public Schools. Gymnasium, Theatre, Dormitories. **Chautauqua** and **Lyceum Courses** under direction of **Edward Amherst Ott**, for past twenty-five years associated with **Redpath Lyceum Bureau**. One, two and three year courses. **Summer Courses** begin June 1st and June 29th. Fall Term opens September 24th. Catalog.

130 De Witt Park, Ithaca, N.Y.

PLAYS

COMPLETELY STAGED
Plays for
LITTLE THEATRES, DRAMATIC CLUBS
Colleges and Schools

ICEBOUND
THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING
A MENNONITE MAID
ETC., ETC.

Send for Latest List of Three Act AND ONE ACT PLAYS

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.
55 Fifth Avenue, New York City

TAPPÉ STAGECRAFTERS

The artistic verve, color and snap of Broadway that come only from New York professional experience.

Musical Comedies and Revues, Royalty Plays, Pageants, Minstrels, staged in two weeks' time. We also design and furnish your costumes and scenery, plan lighting, supervise unique publicity and effective advertising, create your dances, at a very minimum expense.

Act promptly to secure booking.

Society, Club, Church, School and College organizations with prestige will profit financially by writing to

TAPPÉ STAGECRAFTERS
Care of THEATRE MAGAZINE
2 WEST 45th STREET NEW YORK

TO PLAYWRIGHTS

Many plays are written that lack expert revision. Many with merit never get into the proper channels.

The undersigned, who for many years has devoted himself to the American Theatre and has produced scores of comedies, dramas and operettas on Broadway, invites authors to communicate with him.

PLAYS READ, REVISED AND PLACED
Sydney Rosenfeld,
438 West 116th St., New York

Large List New Vaudeville, Acts, Stage Monologs, New Minstrel Choruses and Novelty Songs, Blackface After-pieces and Crossfire, Musical Comedies and Revues, Musical Readings, Novelty Entertainments, Wigs, Beards, Grease Paints and other Make-up Goods. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE. WRITE NOW.

PLAYS

T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 70 Chicago

To Reveal Hair Loveliness

Beautiful hair is healthy hair—well nourished, vital, brilliant. Packer's Liquid Shampoo is made for the woman who wishes to maintain her hair at its best, to give it the help of regular and safe shampoos. In large bottles at all Drug and Department Stores.

At Last!
Here's a Vanitie for Loose Powder That Cannot Spill

In this new, patented, non-spilling vanitie, you can now safely carry your favorite loose powder wherever you go.

Norida Vanitie for Loose Powder

When it's empty, refill it yourself in a few seconds with your favorite soft powder.

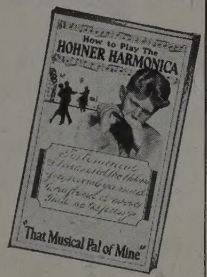
Norida Vanitie comes filled with Fleur Sauvage (*wild flower*) Poudre, in your favorite shade. Sold in all stores that carry beauty requisites. Price $1.50.

If your dealer cannot supply you send $1.50 direct to

NORIDA PARFUMERIE
630 S. WABASH AVE. CHICAGO, ILL.

You Can Play a Hohner Harmonica!

This FREE Instruction Book Will Teach You How



Millions of happy people of all ages are now playing Hohner Harmonicas for entertainment, education and popularity. Anyone can quickly learn to play a Hohner with the aid of the Free Instruction Book.

This interesting and instructive book contains a series of easy lessons, charts and pictures which will enable you to quickly master the harmonica and play operatic, classical and jazz selections.

Even though you have had no previous musical training, you can learn to play a Hohner Harmonica. And when you do learn, you will have mastered the first principles of a musical education.

Don't hum or whistle—play it on a Hohner. Ask your dealer for the Free Book today. If he can't supply you, write to M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 199, New York City.

Leading dealers everywhere sell Hohner Harmonicas—50¢ up.

HOHNER HARMONICAS

Gray Hair Banished

USE this wonderful new liquid preparation that is highly praised by foremost Fifth Avenue Beauty Salons.

HENALFA RAPIDE

Guaranteed to tint gray or faded hair any shade. Only one application needed. Takes less than five minutes to apply. No previous washing necessary. Will not stain the scalp nor rub off. Leaves hair soft and glossy. Not affected by washing. Every shade. Jet black to Golden Brown. Sent anywhere for $2.10 postpaid. Nothing better at any price. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

B. CLEMENT
Dept. T, 67 W. 49th St. New York, N. Y.
Consultation and booklet free

Maybelline

DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear *naturally* dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. BLACK or BROWN, obtainable in solid form or waterproof liquid. *75c at your dealer's* or direct postpaid.

MAYBELLINE CO. CHICAGO

Liquid Form

Solid Form

Moths Feed on Grease Spots

You can be certain the holes eaten through the fabric were first Grease Spots. Remove them with Carbona before putting your clothes away.

For Safety's Sake—demand

CARBONA
UNBURNABLE
Cleaning Fluid
REMOVES GREASE SPOTS
Without Injury to Fabric or Color
20¢ 30¢ 60¢ & $1. Size Bottles at all Drug Stores

ORCHIDEW

CLEANSING SKIN LOTION
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Office)

It Soothes as it cleans!

ORCHIDEW is something new—a facial wash that takes the place of soap-and-water or cold cream and does something more—*invigorates the skin.* A towel-end dipped in ORCHIDEW cleans thoroughly and simply. After motoring, dancing, tennis, golfing or any sport; after shaving, ORCHIDEW is delightful. It refreshes on sticky, sultry days—and takes the sting out of sunburn.

For traveling—a bit of antiseptic cotton or Japanese tissue saturated with ORCHIDEW removes every trace of dust and cinders and does away with the unpleasantness of washing one's face in a public basin.

ORCHIDEW, put up in an exquisite bottle, is $1.50 the bottle. At present it can be purchased only by mail. Write direct to—Orchidew Corporation, 2 West 45th Street, New York.

ORCHIDEW CORPORATION,
2 West 45th Street, New York.

Please send me a bottle of ORCHIDEW.

I enclose $1.50.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

The 1924 Bound Set THEATRE MAGAZINE

2 Volumes Bound in Green Silk Cloth

Fully Indexed

Price $10.00

Postage Extra

The authoritative encyclopedia of the stage through twenty-four years of successful publication. During that period:

1839 Plays have been reviewed
1826 Scenes of plays reproduced
8074 Portraits of players shown
1599 Special articles published

Do you ever wish to recall more vividly a play you have seen years ago? Or revive memories of the artistes who appeared at that time? Are you ever curious to read the criticism of a certain play? Or to refer to the costuming of it? Turn to The Theatre Magazine!

There is no college, school, club or public library of any importance where a complete file of The Theatre will not be found invaluable.

The Following Years Are Still To Be Had In Bound Sets:

1904 in 1 vol.....	*$25.00*	*1914 in 2 vols.....*	*$15.00*
1906 in 1 vol.....	*20.00*	*1915 in 2 vols.....*	*15.00*
1907 in 1 vol.....	*20.00*	*1916 in 2 vols.....*	*15.00*
1908 in 1 vol.....	*20.00*	*1917 in 2 vols.....*	*14.00*
1909 in 2 vols.....	*20.00*	*1918 in 2 vols.....*	*12.00*
1910 in 2 vols.....	*20.00*	*1920 in 2 vols.....*	*12.00*
1911 in 2 vols.....	*15.00*	*1921 in 2 vols.....*	*12.00*
1912 in 2 vols.....	*15.00*	*1922 in 2 vols.....*	*10.00*
1913 in 2 vols.....	*15.00*	*1923 in 2 vols.....*	*10.00*

The years not listed are out of print

→ **The last complete set of Theatre Magazine now available—$500.00 (f.o.b. New York)** ←

Theatre Magazine, 2 West 45th St., New York

(Continued from page 38)

provide us with competent artists and well-thought-out programs we have everything to gain and nothing to snort at. A first-class choral society, called for the purposes of trade "The Chewing-Gum Chanticleers," sound as sweetly over the air as if they were dubbed the "Gounod Ensemble."

Following on the heels of WJZ and their Brunswick Hour, WEAF joined forces with the Victor people, and they too are putting on a bi-monthly program of grand-opera singers. John McCormack and Lucrezia Bori opened the series and other stars of like caliber are continuing to delight and surprise the BCL, who has learned uncomplainingly to accept mediocrity.

WNYC, Municipal Station of Greater New York: Seems to us somewhat hampered by its political associations. Rightly or wrongly, we are artistically prejudiced against finding true art in political places. On the other hand, WNYC is offering a series of lectures by Dr. Fleck, of Hunter College, on the Appreciation of Music that are notable for their educational and artistic value. Their director, Thomas H. Cowan, who, together with Milton J. Cross, was Radio's pioneer announcer from WJZ, is a man with a singularly clear and beautiful idealism for the best in Radio. He said to us not very long ago: "Radio isn't getting a square deal, but it's too big a thing for any man or group of men to hold down. When it comes into its own and when the Radio program becomes all that it should be, you will see the greatest renaissance of art and culture the world has ever known."

With such a spirit actuating its program director, we cannot but have hope and confidence in the future of the "Voice of Greater New York." Some day we shall know it for better reasons than for its present melancholy "police alarms" and its tabloid versions of the meetings of the Board of Estimate.

WOR of Bamberger's in Newark: This is one of the independents that manages to put on a program of more than average value. Their new studio in New York has added to their facilities, and WOR has given some excellent studio entertainments and may be looked to for more.

WGBS of Gimbel Brothers: A baby among the New York broadcasters, it establishes itself in our hearts by the broadcasting of *The Miracle* from the Century Theatre, one of the most perfect things ever put on the air. This station is cognizant of the fact that features cannot ordinarily be lifted bodily from the stage and concert hall and put on the air. Radio drama must develop its own technique. A playlet which they produced several weeks ago, *In the Locker Room,* was a revelation of what might be done along these lines.

WE are in receipt of innumerable letters from Radio owners bewailing the poor results that they get from their expensive sets. We want to say a word to them before we close:

Although most of the reliable sets of to-day can be made to bring in DX with ease and local programs with clarity and beauty of tone, one should select a set with due regard to one's own temperament. Some are much easier to operate successfully than others, and a man or woman of nervous, impatient nature should select a set that will bring in results with a minimum of technical difficulties. Again great care should be taken in selecting a horn. There is no use in buying a good set and a poor horn. A singer with faulty diaphragm control cannot produce a pleasing tone no matter how good her mental equipment. Don't hamper your radio with a cheap and inadequate loud speaker.

Above all, spend many hours of practice at the dials before you condemn your set for poor performance. There's a world of difference between a green and an experienced operator. California is always on the air, but you must learn how to tune for it. Modulation cannot be all done for you on the transmitting end. You must learn not to use the same amplification and the same readings for a brass band and a lyric soprano. If your set squeals, don't take a hatchet to it. Look to your own handling of the dials. A squealing set, like a screaming baby or a yapping dog, is generally an evidence of poor management.

Extraordinary Incident at the Français

The Comédie Française has been the scene of many demonstrations, but the most unusual and unexpected occurred recently on the occasion of the Molière anniversary performance. It is a hallowed tradition that on this day the troupe file across the stage in the costumes of their allotted parts in the repertoire of Molière. When the elder members of the company appeared, instead of being acclaimed with cheers they were greeted with derisive whistling and groans. The hostile gesture meant, "Make room for younger blood." At the suggestion of the Minister of Fine Arts, Silvain, the *doyen* of the Comédie Française, and Mme. Segond Weber have handed in their resignations.

EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY